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PARIS
HILTON
LIVE!
P.90

APRIL 2004



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the heck

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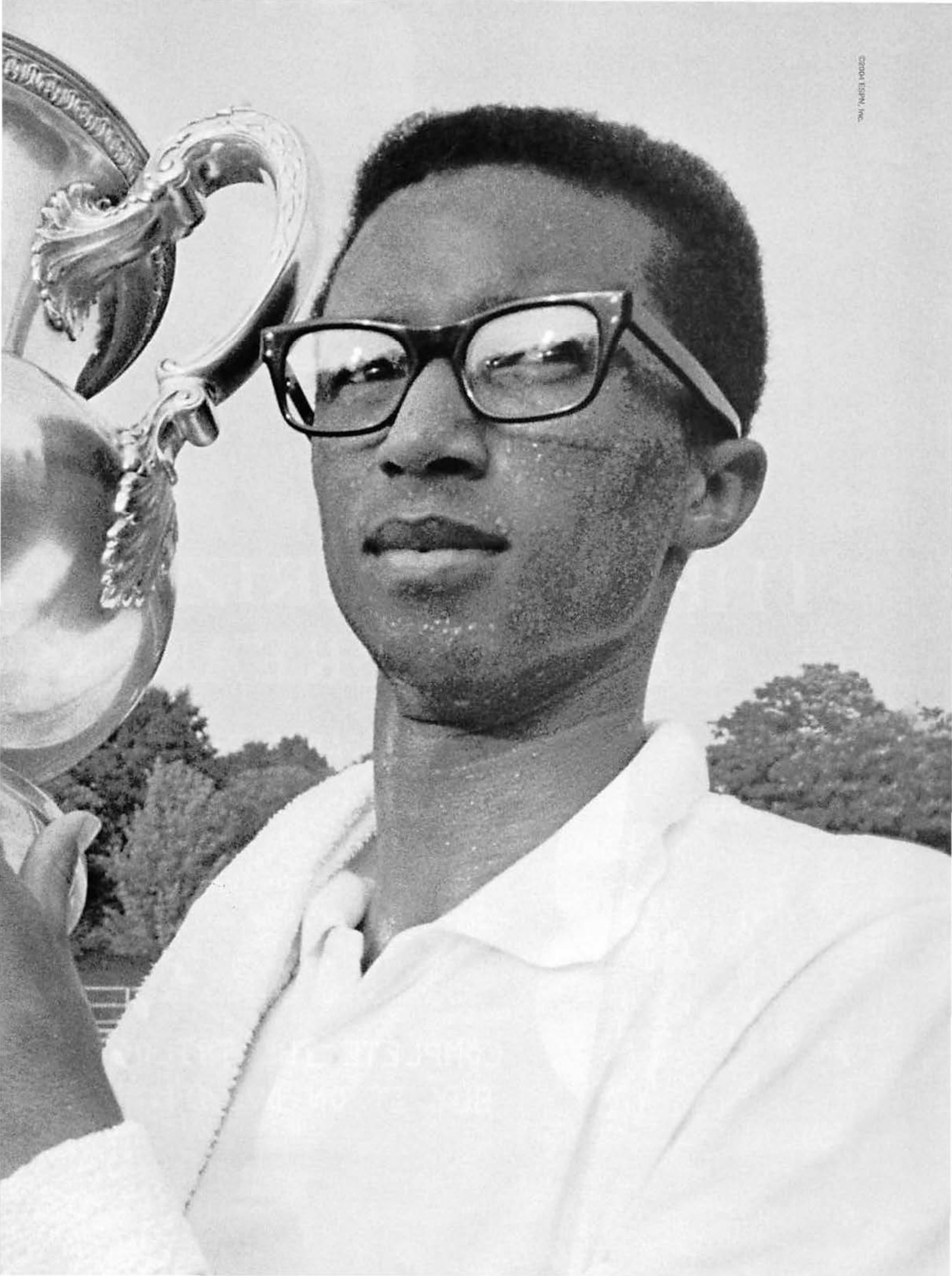
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— Roger Ebert, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

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APRIL 2004

MAXIM

90

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PARIS HILTON

Overexposed? We hope so! Six pages of sizzling photos and revealing facts bring you closer to America's favorite hotel heiress than your feeble mind can possibly bear.

Pretty please?
With a—whoa!



The Rock gets some tail, p.88



Soylent Green is people! p.108

Feeling insecure?
p.134



But can she cook a steak?

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DRAWN TO BE MILD
MARGE SIMPSON

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Features



BBQ'd infidel meat, p.129



Bursting at the seams, p.118



"If I can just... reach!" p.98

WE WANT ANSWERS!

88 THE ROCK

The big screen's baddest action hero lays the smack down on Ah-nuld's legacy, rabid WWF fans, and coming out of the closet.



Home with Osama p.129

MAN'S BEST FRIENDS

98 THE 125 CUTEST ANIMALS EVER

They've made you laugh and made you cry. They've wordlessly touched your heart in ways no human ever could. *Maxim* salutes TV and film's cuddliest critters.

SECURITY DETAILS

108 THE WARS OF DELTA FORCE

The government denies that the Army's top-secret Delta Force exists. But we can prove it does. Founding member Eric Haney takes you inside the elite unit's most dangerous missions from the past 25 years.

LA BELLA MAFIA

118 MARRIED TO THE MOB

Allison Dunbar heats up *The Sopranos* as a Miami Mafia wife. More important, she's a self-proclaimed "visual lesbian." Whatever that means, it sounds damn lesbianish.

LIFESTYLES OF THE LOATHED AND INFAMOUS

129 OSAMA Q'RIBS

The CIA can't find him. Special Ops can't find him. But we did. In a *Maxim* exclusive, the most vilified man in the world gives us an all-access pass to his hideout.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

134 EXCUSE-O-METER

Got a penis? Chances are you've never said the right thing to a woman. Until now. Our experts will tell you how to avoid the cold shoulder every time you open your mouth.



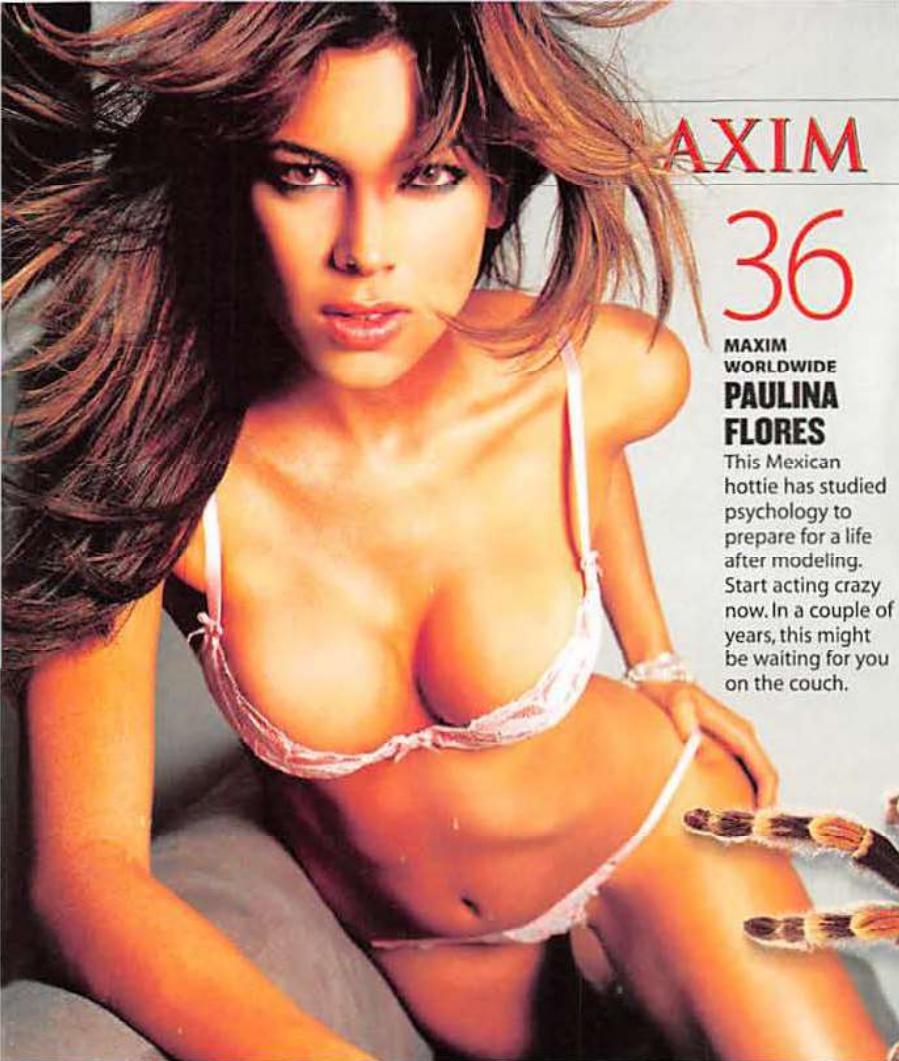


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FLORES**

This Mexican hottie has studied psychology to prepare for a life after modeling. Start acting crazy now. In a couple of years, this might be waiting for you on the couch.

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"Being white sucks!"
p.58

"It fits where?"
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Laugh now. After the 15th, life won't be so funny.

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Study up on everyday prison-yard lingo.

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ASK DR. MAXIM

54 CAN YOU AVOID GETTING STONED?

Passing a golf ball through your bladder is just no fun.

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Hellboy and the Punisher bring sadistic new meaning to the term "superheroes."

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161 CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

We threw Hiroki on the rack to see if medieval torture is all it's cracked up to be.

BAR EXAM

168 YOU'RE FAT!

Find out how many slices of pizza you eat a year. Plus, executive editor James Heidenry finally reveals what's behind door number two!



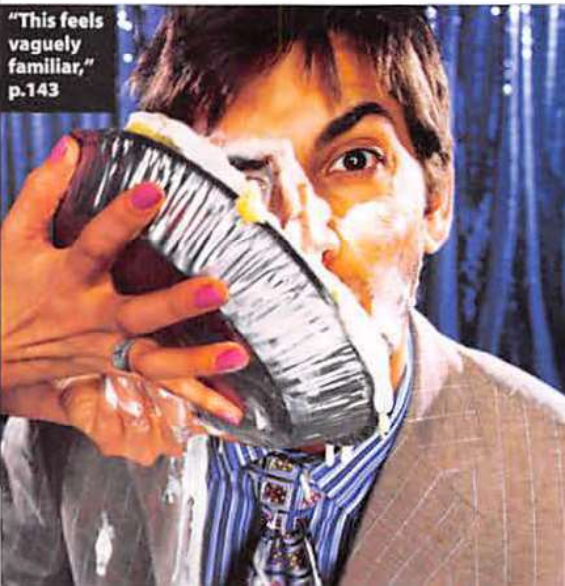
Kaboor
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**MAXIM FASHION
IN THE
TRENCHES**

This spring the trench coat replaces the satin thong as the essential item for men. Plus, spring clothes to clown around in.

"This feels vaguely familiar,"
p.143





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GET THE FEELING

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Vehicle shown with optional equipment. ©2003 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

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SPECIAL REPORT

NO MORE SECRETS

The conspiracy nuts were right! After winning a Freedom of Information Act lawsuit, *Maxim* has accessed top-secret federal documents that reveal the truth about...

JFK: The Zapruder film has long been the main evidence detailing JFK's death, but the Secret Service also shot footage that day. Why film a routine motorcade? Find out inside.

Amelia Earhart and Jimmy Hoffa: If both disappeared, then why does the government have autopsy reports? Take a look...you be the judge.

Roswell: In 1947 residents of Roswell, New Mexico claimed a UFO crashed outside of town. The government said it was a weather balloon. We reveal why it was neither—and both.

The Dead: America's favorite running joke: Elvis and Hitler are alive and well. They're not...but one of them lived nine years longer than you think, and you'll never believe what he was doing.

Why is this photo of Elvis—dated 1987—in an FBI file?

THE TRUTH WAS OUT THERE... WE FOUND IT.

The shocking secrets your government doesn't want you to know about JFK, Elvis, Hitler, and more! A 32-page exposé!



Flygirl lost...and found?



Assassin in the bunker?



JFK: the secret film



Why the coroner lied



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EDITOR'S LETTER



Hardy-har-har.

▼ **Keith Blanchard**
"Hey! You said there'd
be Mars bars here!"



Very funny, fellas. Very mature. One minute I'm the only *Maxim* staffer taking this roofie-eating contest seriously, and the next minute I wake up lashed to the freaking Mars Rover, hurtling through the vacuum of space and screaming at the top of my lungs in a spacesuit full of butterscotch pudding (I hope). And now I'm stuck here on Mars. Freaking hilarious. I don't have much time before my oxygen runs out, brainiacs, so let's hop to it.

April Fools' Day has fallen on hard times. Only a few stalwart souls make the effort anymore—too many lawsuits, I guess. It takes only one grandmother clattering hilariously down a set of soaped stairs in a bloody sea of groceries to screw it up for everybody.

We've decided to have a little fun with this April issue—think of it as our flaming bag of dog poop to you. And what a blockbuster issue it is! We've got Paris Hilton turning down the beds! (Well, she turned ours down, anyway.) We've got

an exclusive tour—and photos—of Osama bin Laden's top-secret underground bunker! It's the first incredible interview of the 21st century, and *Maxim's* got it. Bite me, Brokaw! We've even got Marge Simpson letting down that long blue hair.

So enjoy the issue, earthlings; I'm [transmission garbled] Who the f... [garbled] No-o-o-o! [garbled] Jesusmarymotherofgodletgoofmyballs... [transmission ends]

Keith Blanchard



This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Volts of electricity applied to Hiroki's ass for torture test of tortures (p.161)	100
Pairs of underwear he rendered unusable as a result	1
Doctors who would only advise anonymously on "How to Castrate Yourself"	3
Whiskey or biscuit ingredients in The Rock's Whiskey Biscuit Omelet (p.88)	0
Times editor Greg Williams tripped and fell in the middle of the office	1
Barbecue-tinged belches let loose by Ted Nugent during interview	6
Rank of editor Eric Alt's tapeworm among 125 Cutest Animals (p.98)	133
Engagement rings given to girlfriend by associate art director Matt Cokeley	1
Staffers who asked, "Isn't that the chick who broke your leg dancing?"	7
Office visits by staffer Ken Gee's young daughters	2
Times they asked what a Dirty Sanchez was on the ride home	3
Staff man-hours spent studying club-a-penguin game (p.35) one Friday	56



ON COVER #1 PARIS HILTON

PHOTOGRAPHS: Willy Camden
STYLING: Emma Carlsen
MAKEUP: Jeffrey Paul
CLOTHING: Pale peach crochet dress (left undone) by Gharani Strok; cream briefs from Myla; Butterfly brooch from Butler & Wilson



ON COVER #2 MARGE SIMPSON

COVER ILLUSTRATION: Julius Preite
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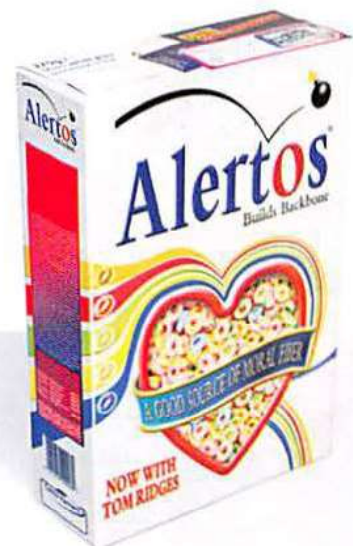
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Copy **Jeff Tomko**
Research **Shauna DeGeorge**, **Carolyn Stein**
Digital Enhancement **Gene Bresler**
Designer **Kevin Newman**
Photo **Alisha Borth**, **Marilyn Hopkins**
Interns **Kaitlin Bettick**, **Michael Donahoe**, **Jane Dryer**, **Will Phung**



WEST COAST OFFICE
West Coast Editor **Claudia Nicolayevsky**
Assistant to the West Coast Editor **Brooke Wilson** Tel 310-859-4800 Fax 310-859-4767



General Manager **Andy Clarkson**



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MAXIM WORLDWIDE
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EDITORS-IN-CHIEF
France **Philippe Bourbeillon**
and **François de Guillebon**
011-33 (0) 1-41-34-96-50
Germany **Uwe Killing**
011-49 (0) 30-259-17-49-00
Holland **Mike Kepel**
011-31 (0) 205-84-90-50
Belgium **Thierry Sarasin** and
Paul Keyers
011-32 (0) 9369-3173
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011-42-0233-023-888
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011-82-2-3424-2745
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011-44 (0) 20-7907-6429
U.S.A. **Keith Blanchard**
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YOU TALKIN' TO US?

As spring warms this godforsaken country, put your taxes aside and meet this month's pill-popper, masturbator, and wannabe sexologist. Not your idea of a family magazine? Send all hate mail and therapy bills to the address on your right.

IT PAYS TO WRITE!

If we printed your letter this month, we're sending you *The Sopranos: The Complete Fourth Season DVD*. So e-mail editors@maximmag.com or write to *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.



"Hey! These aren't my hands!"

Spellbound

I go to Embry-Riddle University, with an 8:1 guy-to-girl ratio. *Maxim* keeps me sane. Paige Butcher ["Space Invaders," February] is the most amazing woman on Earth. With that body and a love for BBQ, what else does a guy need?

Aaron Noler
Daytona Beach, FL

And she loves to vacuum our offices naked—truly an incredible woman.

Inquiring Minds

Question 1: How do I go about getting a book published, and how much money would I make?

Question 2: How much does it actually cost to make a car?

Question 3: If you had cancer, would there be any physical signs or pain?

M. Smith
Susanville, CA

In no particular order: yes, 20 bucks, and you don't want to know.

Pulling the Plug

In your February issue on page 69 (cute), you have a list of "all-time favorite tunes about masturbation" ["Rub'n'Roll"]. What jerk-off put this together? The hands-down number one song about spanking the monkey is "Relax" by Frankie Goes to Hollywood. That's like making a list of Christmas songs and forgetting "Here Comes Santa Claus."

C.T. Hayden
Fairfield, CT

Thanks, C.T. from CT! Don't forget your lilac-scented K-Y Warming Liquid for your next night alone. That's tonight, right?

Miracle Grow

I recently took 100 milligrams of Viagra, and it increased my penis by one inch (from 9 1/2 to 10 1/2). My girl loved it so much that she sent me information about penile enlargement. Well, I lost the booklet about this pill that rated better than surgery. Do you know of this drug or any other that will expand my snake permanently? I'd like to surprise my love with her bigger dream.

D. Scaife
Olathe, KS

No, but we're sure your nose has grown several inches since writing this letter.

PUT ME IN MAXIM

HOTTEST ISSUE!

I'm a firefighter with the Gales Ferry Volunteer Fire Company, and during a recent structural fire it was confirmed that the homeowner's *Maxim* collection was still inside. We were able to make an aggressive search for his priceless collection and save Tara Reid's edition, along with a few of her friends. Unfortunately, with great sadness I must say that Christina Aguilera tragically perished. It hit our department pretty hard, and we felt bad for the owner; he'd been gathering issues for the past two years.

Bryan Quilter
Gales Ferry, CT

Nice save, Bryan! We urge all readers to either insure their mags or invest in a fireproof safe. Safety first, kids!



Glowing Cactus

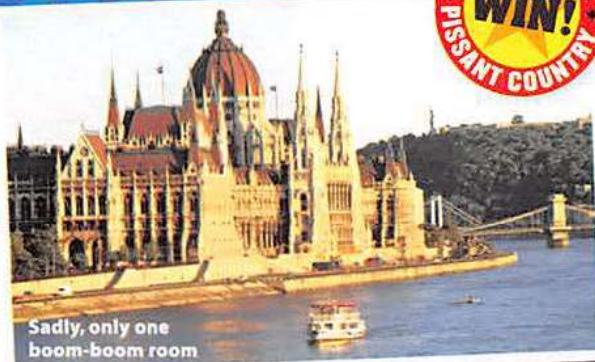
In one of the Fun Facts in your February issue [Circus Maximus], you noted that New Mexico was named the dumbest state for a second year in a row. I was born and raised in New Mexico, and what's sad is that, while having the lowest IQ, we're home to two Department of Energy nuclear research laboratories and a radioactive waste storage site.

YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

The Promised Land

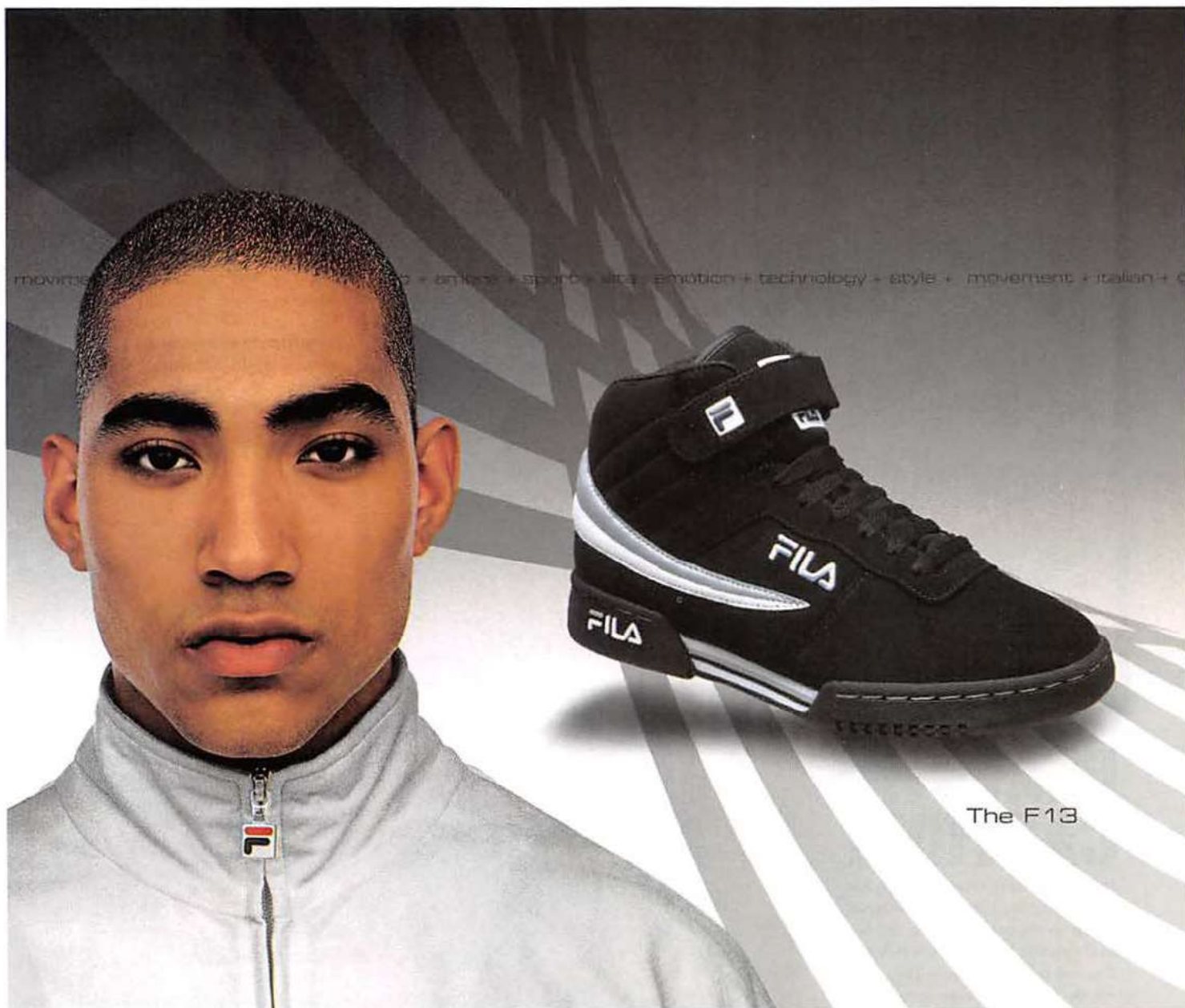
After an all-night poker game and way too many Singapore Slings, we walked away from the table with two things—a wicked hangover and the deed to Karjakistan. Only the next morning did we fully understand what we'd won: a small, independent country, formerly part of the U.S.S.R., with its own palace, complete with six (hot) personal maids, vodka breakfasts (anytime), an unlimited

supply of borscht, and our own herd of sheep to sacrifice! Ah...life is grand. But now we're giving it all away! We're graciously crowning one reader king of this wide-open space. To win this \$37.42 package, visit maxionline.com and go to the contest page. All phone calls, faxes, and walk-ins will be forced to live in the servants' quarters and shine our boots with their own earwax.



Sadly, only one boom-boom room

FILA



The F13

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Foot Locker

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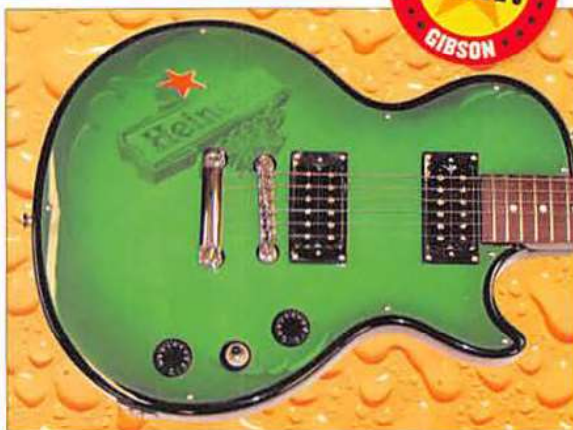
YOUR PICTURE HERE

"It's righty-tighty,
lefty-loosey, right?"

OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

This month we're reversing the rules!* Call us mad, then send in an original photo for the caption above. The best shot gets this custom-made Heineken Grammy guitar by Gibson. We'll also run the top entries in an upcoming issue. E-mail caption@maximmag.com or snailmail Beat This Caption! Dept. 76, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will be smoked.



FEBRUARY'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER:

"Don't worry, Larry—only the white one's poisonous."
Brandon Monzon
Southgate, MI

RUNNERS-UP:

"I can't explain it, doctor. I just keep hearing this constant hissing sound."
Rafael Fierro
San Francisco, CA

Curses! Coiled again!

Garrett Ritz
Elkton, MD

Even snakes like a little head once in a while.

Jesse Burden
Brooklyn, NY

"Hurry up, Medusa! Your date's here!"

R. Cooper, Salt Lake City, UT



Pair those up and see if you don't want to reevaluate.

Todd Broste

Albuquerque, NM

It makes sense when you think about it: What other state would you want to render sterile first?

Canadian Beef

I get your "Canadian" edition, but where are our Canadian girls, articles, and music reviews? It seems to me Canadian *Maxim* is really just an American magazine with a Canadian flag on the cover and a couple of hometown beer ads. Canada is full of amazing chicks and astounding talent. I just hope you realize there's more to our country than Shania Twain.

Ryan Rantz

Via e-mail

You're right—we completely forgot Quebec, Celine Dion, and ice-cold nuts. G'day, mate!



"Please give us visa."

Roofer Madness

Over the past few months, there have been some serious hotties on your Working Girl page, and the February issue was no exception. Not only does Katina ["Shingle White Female," *Circus Maximus*] have a smokin' body but she's also a roofer. As a guy who has some contracting experience, to find a woman who will do construction is unbelievable. You have certainly outdone yourself on this one.

Dennis Waldrop

Murray, KY

Plus, her mind's always in the gutter!

Major Disaster

I'm a freshman girl at the University of Alabama and have yet to declare a major, but I know I'd be a great sexologist. What would I have to do in order to become one? I'm obsessed with your magazine and would love to work at *Maxim* one day. Talking about sex and learning more about it is exactly where my concentration lies. Get back to me soon.

T. Hendricks

Via e-mail

Well, you're already on your way. You passed Tease 101 with flying panties.

Fly Guy

Bored in school and having nothing better to do, I was playing with my zipper and saw the letters "YKK." I then looked on my book bag and saw the same thing. Does this appear on

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every zipper in the world, and what does it stand for?

Mark Goller
Staten Island, NY

As we answered in "Ask Anything" back in March 2001, it stands for Yoshida Kogyo Kabushikikaisha, the Japanese company that's the world's leading zipper maker. Next time you're bored, try shooting spitballs at that kid with the head brace.

Extreme Makeover

Finally someone had the courage to go into a chick's apartment and make it their own. I've been driven so crazy with Beanie Babies, nail polish remover, and hair spray that your article "Raising the Bar" [February] gave me hope. Granted, I'll probably never be able to actually turn her apartment into a bar, but the thought of it got me through the weekend.

Nik G.
Via e-mail

Nail polish remover? Wow, your girlfriend drinks the hard stuff.



Frangible Cargo

I travel quite a bit overseas and always pack condoms just in case. Anyway, some buddies told me that you have to transport jimmy hats a certain way on airplanes, otherwise the x-ray machines or temperature in the belly of the plane can damage the goods and make them ineffective against disease. Any suggestions?

Paul T.
Via e-mail

Nah.



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THE \$150 JOKE

Caged Heat

A small zoo in Alabama acquires a rare gorilla, who quickly becomes agitated. The zookeeper determines that the female ape is in heat, but there are no male apes available for mating.

The zookeeper approaches a redneck janitor with a proposition. "Would you be willing to have sex with this gorilla for \$500?" he asks.

The janitor accepts the offer, but only on three conditions: "First, I don't want to have to kiss her. And second, you can never tell anyone about this." The zookeeper agrees to the conditions and asks about the third.

"Well," says the janitor, "I'm gonna need another week to come up with the \$500."

—Dave Carmichael, Tempe, AZ



"Put your hands on me, you damn dirty ape!"

Heavy Petting

A little boy asks Grandpa O'Malley, "Can I have five bucks to buy a guinea pig?"

"Here," says the old man as he hands the boy a \$10 bill. "Go get yourself a nice Irish girl instead."

—Mike Conley, Chippewa Lake, OH

Nail Mary

A man walks into a church confessional and says to the priest, "Bless me, father, for I have sinned. I was with seven different women last night."

The priest is silent for a moment, then says, "Go home and cut seven lemons in half. Squeeze the juice into a glass and drink it down in one gulp."

"And I'll be forgiven?" asks the man.

"No," replies the priest, "but it will wipe that fucking smirk off your face."

—D. Colberg, Hamilton, GA

Q: Why is Easter an Alzheimer's patient's favorite holiday?
A: He can hide his own eggs.



Foot-in-Mouth Disease

Q: What's the difference between a woman with herpes and a leather shoe?

A: If you had to, you could eat the leather shoe.

—Chip Newell, via e-mail

Cock Therapy

A woman visits a holistic doctor and asks him to cure her migraines. He tells her, "When you get a headache, repeat out loud, 'I don't have a headache,' over and over." She tries this, and it works.

The next day the woman has her husband see the same doctor to treat his impotence. He comes home from the appointment and drags his wife to the bedroom, then jumps on top of her and says, "You are not my wife, you are not my wife..."

—Scott Rietscha, via e-mail

Hit and Rub

A blonde crossing the road gets hit by a truck. The truck driver jumps out to check on her.

"Are you all right?" he asks.

"Everything is just a blur," says the blonde as she's lying in the street.

The man holds his hand in front of her face and asks, "How many fingers have I got up?"

"Oh, no!" she yells. "Don't tell me I'm paralyzed from the waist down too!"

—Sameer Aidoor, Boulder, CO

Fur Sure

Q: Why do Italians wear gold chains?

A: So they know where to stop shaving.

—Vic Martinez, Chicago, IL

Wing Men

Twin brothers from Arkansas walk up to a U.S. Air Force recruiting officer and tell him they'd like to join the service.

The officer asks the first twin, "What can you bring to the Air Force?"

"I'm a pilot," he replies.

"You're in," says the officer.

"I chop wood," offers the other twin.

"Sorry," says the officer. "We don't really need any wood choppers."

"But you hired my brother."

"Sure," says the officer. "He's a pilot."

The brother rolls his eyes and replies, "Yeah, but I have to chop the wood before he can pile it!"

—Bobby Ward, via e-mail

Seize the Day

Q: What's blue and doesn't fit?

A: A dead epileptic.

—Warren Bradley, Stamford, CT



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ROCK BOTTOM

MADONNA'S JOKE BOOK

The Material Girl's English accent needs some work!





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CIRCUS M

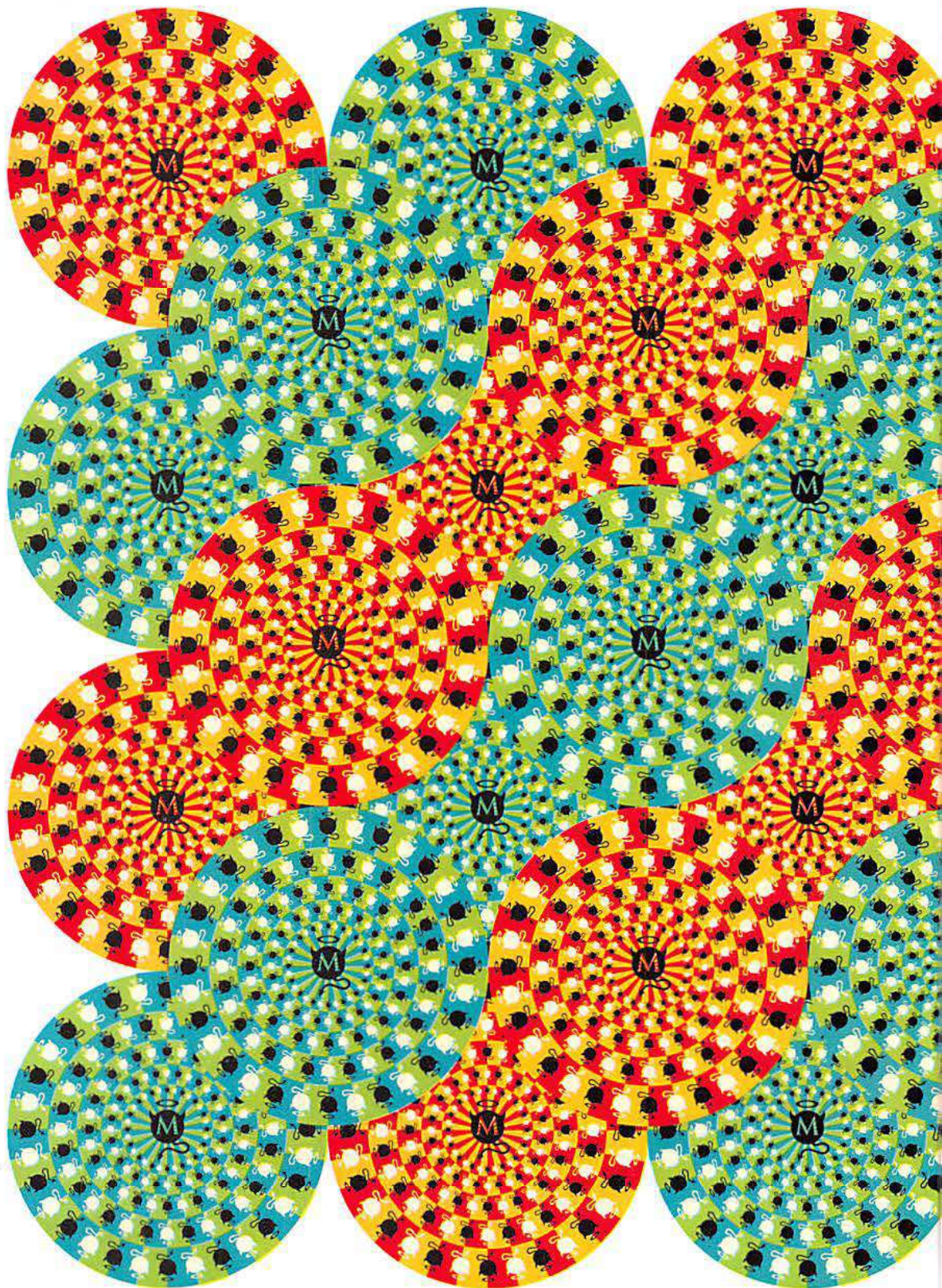


"I've got my eye on you. And you."

THE BIG PICTURE

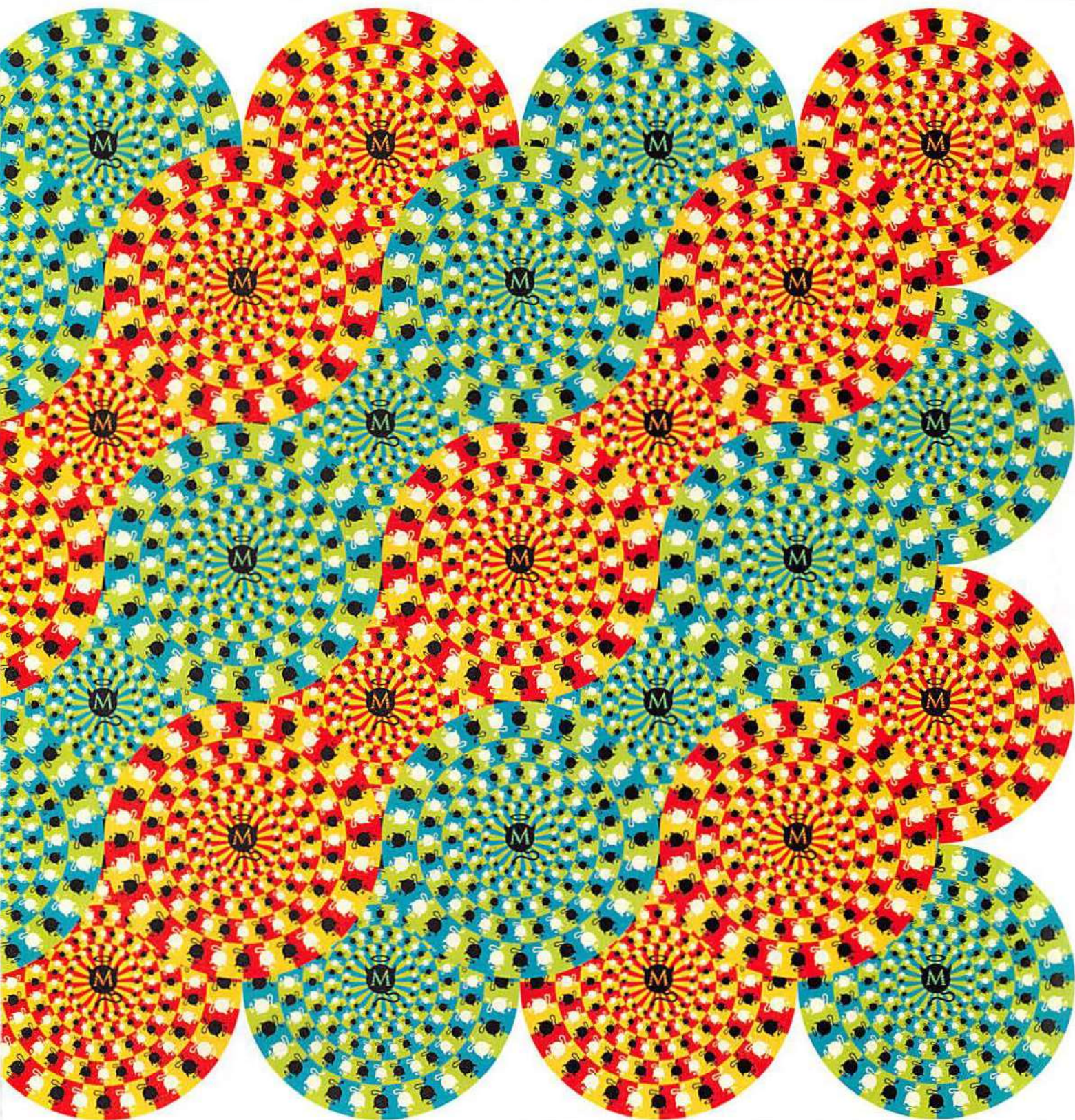
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Stare at the center of any circle until the whole page starts to spin. For best results, do so while operating heavy machinery!



AXIMUS

A Maxim
View of
the World



Planet Maxim

We report the stories other publications are too responsible to print!

TAIWAN

BLOWN-UP WHALE AS MESSY AS EXPECTED

A dead 50-ton sperm whale exploded while being transported to a research center near Tainan City. Pressure from gases building up in the animal's decomposing belly caused the blast, which covered passersby and cars with noxious-smelling blood and entrails.



ITALY

WOMAN NOT THRILLED BY GENITAL MUTILATION

A 27-year-old Sicilian man went to a hospital with a gunshot wound to his salami, claiming it was from a "hunting accident." But police discovered that the man had persuaded a pal to shoot him in order to win sympathy from his ex-girlfriend.



BRAZIL

FLIER FLIES OFF HANDLE, FLIPS BIRD

An American Airlines pilot was arrested after flipping off immigration officials. The

pilot gave a one-finger salute in response to a new security policy requiring U.S. citizens to be fingerprinted and photographed. The measures are identical to those inflicted upon foreigners by the U.S.



UNITED STATES

METAPHOR BURIES BOOKWORM

A New York City pencil-neck was taken to the hospital after spending two days trapped, naked, beneath an avalanche of books and magazines. The man had crammed ceiling-high piles of reading material throughout his apartment. His landlord ignored the man's screams for help 'cause, "He talks to himself all the time."



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RAT

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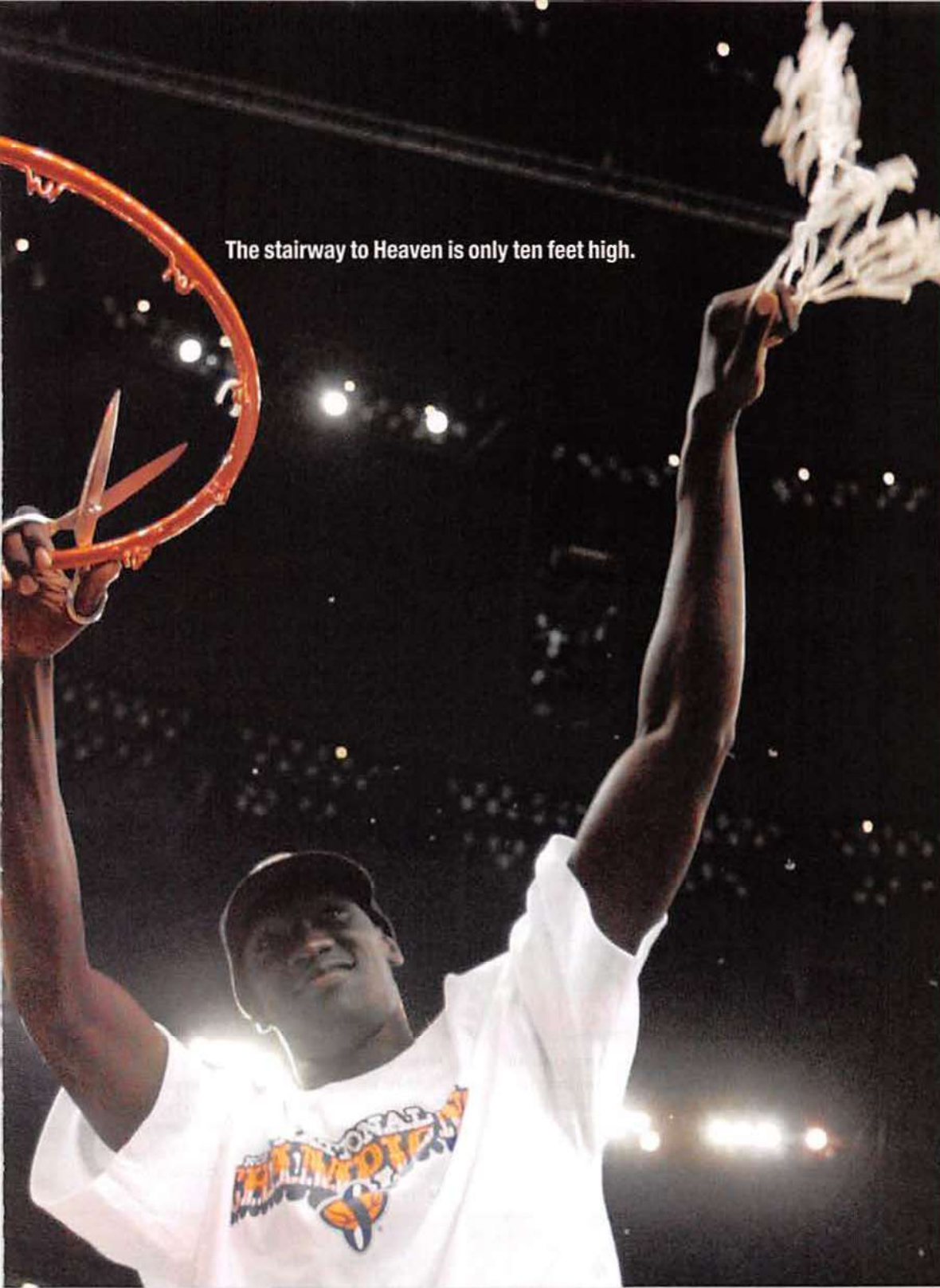
A Maxim spy saw our fave Friend get shot down by a hot brunette outside a posh N.Y.C. bar. When David asked for her number, she asked for his business card, then ditched him. How rude—the show isn't even off the air yet!

DRUNK OR SOBER?

Even Indy needs to cut loose, so try to figure out whether Harrison Ford is merely playful, or off his ass.



Answers: 1. Drunk; 2. Drunk; 3. Drunk; 4. Drunk; 5. Drunk; 6. Presumably on crack



The stairway to Heaven is only ten feet high.



Don't cut down the nets just yet. March might be just a few upsets away, but you can still get in on the action. Extend the season and play NCAA® Final Four® 2004 online, where a new 65-team tournament is always just starting up. Newly improved, ultra-responsive controls let you tap into an arsenal of sick moves. But just because you got some moves doesn't mean you got enough game. This is the Big Dance® we're talking about, and you can't buy your way in. You gotta earn it.



PlayStation 2



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MasterCard® Priceless Experience™ '04 Music Internship Contest Official Rules.

How to Purchase Necessary to Enter or Win.

Eligibility: Open to legal residents of the 50 United States and the District of Columbia who are 18 to 25 years of age and are enrolled as full or part time undergraduate students in a U.S. Department of Education accredited 2-year or 4-year college/university, as of 2/6/04 and at the time of winner selection and notification. Employees of MasterCard International Incorporated ("Sponsor"), MasterCard member financial institutions, Enigma Media, Inc. ("Enigma"), Gerson Worldwide Limited, Universal Music Group, Project Support Team, Inc. ("PST"), and each of their respective parent companies, affiliates, distributors, subsidiaries, and advertising/promotion agencies (collectively "Released Parties") and members of the immediate family (mother, father, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters and spouse) and household of each such employee are not eligible to participate. This Contest is subject to all applicable federal, state and local laws and regulations. Void where prohibited.

How to Participate: 1) Visit www.mastercard.com and click on the MasterCard® Priceless Experience™ '04 icon between 12:00:01PM Central Time ("CT") on 2/6/04 and 8:59:59AM CT on 4/15/04 ("Promotion Period"); 2) To access the application form, click on the "Apply Now" button; 3) Submit an essay of no more than (250) words answering the following question: *If you were to plan your ideal career in the music business, what would it be and why?* The entry must be your original creation. In English and cannot have been previously published or submitted in any prior competition. Modification of an existing work does not qualify as original.

4) Fully complete the online entry; and 5) Click the "Submit" button. **Limit one entry per person and per email address for the duration of the Promotion Period.** Additional entries received from such person and/or email address thereafter will be void. Your submission of an entry constitutes your consent to participate in this Contest and your consent for Sponsor to obtain, use, and transfer your name, address and other information for the purpose of administering this Contest. Sponsor is not responsible for lost, incomplete, late, stolen, or misdirected entries or submissions; theft, destruction or unauthorized access to, or alteration of, entries; failures or malfunctions of phones, phonies or telephone systems; interrupted or unavailable network, server or other connections; any error, omission, interruption, defect or delay in any transmission or communication; traffic congestion on the internet or for any technical problem, including but not limited to any injury or damage to entrants' or any other person's computer related to or resulting from participation in the Contest; errors in these Official Rules, in any Contest-related advertisements or other materials; the selection or announcement of winners or the awarding of prizes; the cancellation, suspension or modification of online distance-learning seminars; or other problems or errors of any kind whether mechanical, human, electronic or otherwise. Sponsor reserves the right, in its sole discretion, to void any and all entries of an entrant who Sponsor believes has attempted to tamper with or impair the administration, security, fairness, or proper play of this Contest. The use of automated entry devices is prohibited. All entries will become the property of Sponsor and will not be returned. Neither Sponsor, nor anyone acting on its behalf, will enter into any communications with any entrant regarding any aspect of this Contest other than to notify potential winners. **Judging:** Winner selection for this Contest will occur in two phases. **Semifinalist Selection:** A total of 148 Semifinalists will be selected in accordance with the following Entry Periods, each Entry Period beginning at 12:00:01PM CT and ending at 8:59:59AM CT, respectively: (16) Entry Period #1 Semifinalists: 2/6/04-3/1/04, (16) Entry Period #2 Semifinalists: 3/2/04-3/23/04 and (16) Entry Period #3 Semifinalists: 3/24/04-4/15/04. Entries received during one Entry Period will not carry forward to subsequent Entry Periods. Entries will be judged by an independent panel of judges ("judges") supervised by PST (an independent judging organization whose decisions are final and binding in all matters relating to this Contest) based on the following criteria: 1) Originality: 0-40 points; 2) Creativity/Written Expression: 0-30 points; and 3) Relevance to Theme: 0-30 points. In the event of a tie, the entrant with the highest score in Originality will be declared the potential Semifinalist. If a tie still exists, from among the remaining pool of tied entrants, the entrant with the highest score in Creativity/Written Expression will be declared the potential Semifinalist, and so forth. Tiebreakers will continue backwards in this manner until the tie among the remaining tied entrants is broken. Semifinalists will be notified by telephone and/or mail on or about 5/10/04. If any Semifinalist notification letter is returned as undeliverable, a runner-up may be selected. Each Semifinalist will be required to submit the following materials to a specified address within 14 days of issuance of notification: 1) Executed Affidavit of Eligibility, Liability, Release and (where legal) Publicity Release; 2) Current college/university transcript showing that he/she is in good academic standing as defined by his/her respective college/university at time of notification; 3) A video of no more than (2) minutes in length featuring Semifinalist (no third parties, footage and/or music from any other source) addressing the following question: *Tell us about your favorite music video, what you like best about it and why?* The video must be: a) On a 1/2 inch high definition video tape; b) Queued to starting point; c) Heavily labeled with the entrant's complete name; and d) In English and cannot have been previously screened or publicly viewed. Entrant is responsible for properly protecting video tape for mailing. Noncompliance with any of the foregoing may result in disqualification and awarding of prize to the runner-up. **Finalist Selection:** A total of 16 Finalists will be selected from the (48) Semifinalist video entries submitted. Video entries will be judged based on the following criteria: 1) Presence On-Screen: 0-40 points; 2) Creative Execution: 0-30 points; and 3) Originality: 0-30 points. In the event of a tie, the entrant with the highest score in Presence On-Screen will be declared the potential Finalist. If a tie still exists, from among the remaining pool of tied entrants, the entrant with the highest score in Creative Execution will be declared the potential Finalist, and so forth. Tiebreakers will continue backwards in this manner until the tie among the remaining tied entrants is broken. Finalists will be selected by judges on or about 5/24/04 and will be notified by telephone and/or mail. If any Finalist notification letter is returned as undeliverable, the runner-up may be selected. The likelihood of winning a prize will depend on the quality of each entrant's submission as compared to the quality of all other entrants' submissions as judged in accordance with the aforementioned criteria.

Prizes: (48) Semifinalist Prize: \$100 MasterCard Gift Card (Approximate Retail Value "ARV" \$100); (16) Finalist Prize: Opportunity to attend the MasterCard® Priceless Experience™ '04 Music Internship ("internship") between 6/15/04 and 7/15/04 consisting of (but not limited to) participation in a four week internship in Los Angeles, California with access to select Music & Entertainment industry experts originated by Sponsor; specialized curricula, and the chance to assist in the production of a music video developed by an artist/group (managed by Universal Music Group) to be designated solely by Sponsor. Internship will include round-trip coach air transportation from major airport nearest to winner's residence in the U.S., select ground transportation, double-occupancy accommodations at a location to be designated by Sponsor, and a total of \$500 spending money awarded in the form of a MasterCard Gift Card (ARV \$500). Limit one prize per person, family, or household. Total ARV of all prizes-\$100,800. Prize details not specifically set forth herein are at Sponsor's sole discretion. Exact dates of internship subject to change at Sponsor's sole discretion. Internship will include travel and transportation expenses that comply with all MasterCard rules and regulations relating to their participation in the internship. Sponsor may, in its sole discretion, impose disciplinary sanctions on Finalists, ranging from a warning to expulsion to referral to state or federal prosecution, for violation of federal, state or local laws, and internship codes of conduct. Contest of internship to be held in accordance with the following conditions: a) not for credit; travel restrictions may apply and travel must take place on dates specified by Sponsor or prize will be forfeited and may be awarded to a runner-up. Artists/group(s) and/or other organization(s) or personality(ies) featured in MasterCard® Priceless Experience™ '04 Contest promotional advertising are subject to availability. If any named artist/group(s) and/or other organization(s) or personality(ies) is unavailable to participate in the capacity specified for any reason, an entity/individual of similar stature as determined by Sponsor will participate in lieu of the applicable named entity and/or individual. **Miscellaneous:** (i) transfer, assignment, cash redemption, or substitution of prize (or portion thereof) except by Sponsor due to prize unavailability, and then for a prize (or applicable portion thereof) of equal or greater value. Federal, state and local taxes and all other costs and expenses not specified herein are winners' sole responsibility. By participating, entrants agree to be bound by these Official Rules and 1) Attest that their essay and/or video ("entry") is an original creation that has not been previously published or submitted in any other competition; and 2) Agree that Released Parties and their designees and assigns: a) shall own the entry (and all material embodied therein) and shall have the perpetual, worldwide right to edit, publish, exploit and use the entry (or any portion thereof) in any way and in any media for advertising and/or trade purposes and/or for any other purpose in any media or format now or hereafter known without further compensation, permission or notification from entrant or any third party; b) shall have the right and permission (unless prohibited by law) to use entrant's name, city/state of residence, photograph and/or other likeness for advertising and/or trade purposes and/or for any other purpose in any media or format now or hereafter known without further compensation, permission or notification; c) use of entry shall not violate the right of any third parties and shall not violate any applicable federal, state or local laws or ordinances; d) shall have the right, in their sole discretion, to disqualify any entries that they deem to be obscene or otherwise not in good taste; e) shall have no liability and entrant will defend, indemnify and hold harmless Sponsor and the Released Parties from and against any liability, loss, injury or damage of any kind (including attorney's fees) to any person or entity, including without limitation, personal injury, death or damage to personal or real property, bodily injury or in part directly or indirectly, by reason of the acceptance, possession, use or misuse of a prize or participation in this Contest and any travel related thereto including, but not limited to, any claim that entrant's submission infringes or violates the rights of any person or entity. Sponsor reserves the right, in its sole discretion, to modify, terminate or suspend this Contest should virus, bug, non-authorized human intervention or other causes beyond the reasonable control of Sponsor, including but not limited to war, strikes, and/or acts of God, corrupt or impair the administration, security, fairness or proper play of this Contest and/or if the contest is not deemed to be in its best interest. Sponsor reserves the right, in its sole discretion, to award prizes in a judging from among all non-suspense entries received prior to event requiring such modification, termination or suspension. **Winners List:** For the winners' names (available after 5/15/04), send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to be received by 6/1/04 to MasterCard® Priceless Experience™ '04. Winners: P.O. Box 13106, Bridgeport, CT 06673-3106.

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CIRCUS MAXIMUS



It takes guts to compete like this

MISSED PERIOD

> MODEL BEHAVIOR

CATWALK KOOKS

These demented beauty pageants prove that it's what's on the outside that counts!



MISS RODEO AMERICA

Held since 1955, this pageant tests cowgirls' "knowledge of current trends in western wear." In addition to braggin' rights at the saloon, the winner gets a \$10,000 scholarship and a year's supply of cosmetics—which creates a little jealousy amongst the filthy, drunken, syphilitic rodeo clowns.



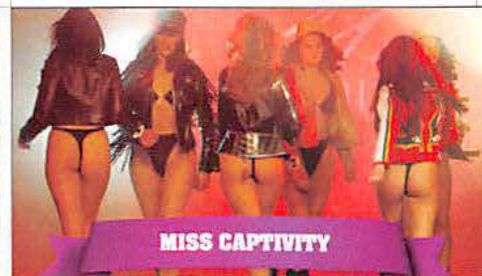
MISS JUMBO QUEEN

Hoping to attract chubby-chasers to Thailand's sex tourism trade, the Samphan Elephant Ground and Zoo annually rewards the lass who best exhibits the characteristics of a pachyderm. Contestants, who must weigh at least 176 pounds, model evening wear as well as improbably large sashes.



MISS WHEELCHAIR UKRAINE

No celebration of International Invalid Day is complete without this pageant, held each year in Kiev, in which 30 Eastern European ramp jockeys vie for titles like "Miss Smile." Without a doubt the highlight is the ballroom dancing competition. We're not joking—there's a ball-room dancing competition.



MISS CAPTIVITY

In 2002 a Lithuanian TV station proposed a beauty contest for inmates of the country's sole women's prison as a joke, only to see it become a ratings smash. Eight curvaceous cons modeled swimsuits and wedding gowns and even performed songs and skits. Amazingly, no shiv attacks were reported.

band: \$ (undisclosed amount)

make-up & wardrobe: \$7000

soy cappuccinos: \$250

camera crew: \$1200 a day



you are here: priceless



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> GOOD SPORTS

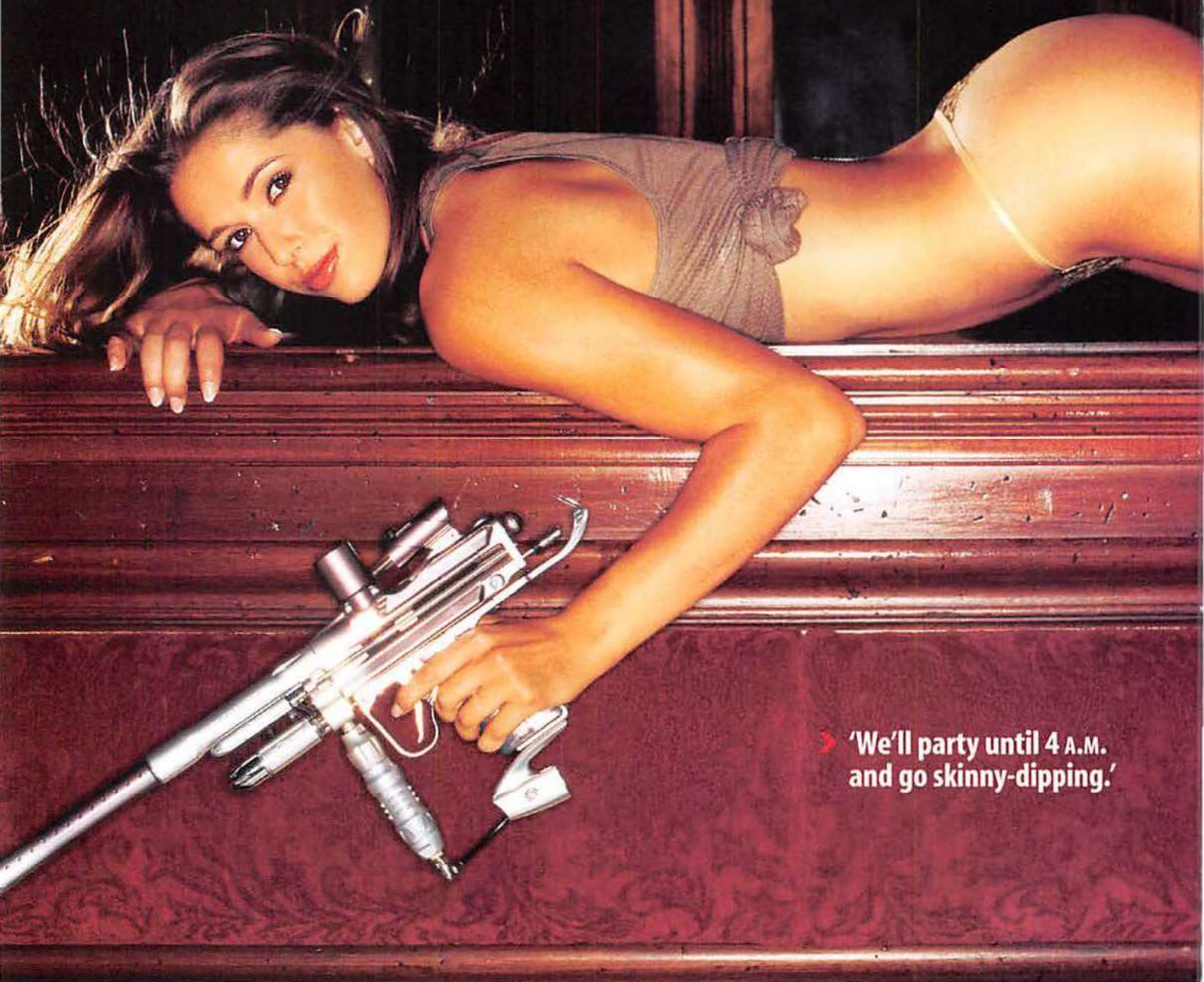
TOP GUNS

Big-league paintball's sharpshooting hotties always aim to please.

Most paintball players are weekend warriors, downing brews and reveling in the sight of dear friends going down in a hail of welt-inducing ordnance. But paintball's making the leap out of the backwoods and into arenas with the advent of professional leagues, hefty prize money, and TV coverage. Lucky for us, some of the sport's brightest young stars are

also its hottest—check out Chelsea O'Brien (top right) and Chihiro Rikiishi (bottom right). Or take 22-year-old Keely Watson (below): Not only is she gorgeous but she may soon be the first woman to play in the men's pro league. So how's life on this grueling circuit? "Sometimes we party until 4 A.M. and go skinny-dipping," Keely confesses. "It's fun to

get sweaty and gross and kick the shit outta guys." Hey, that's what Mom used to say! Keely, who has her own calendar and will be featured in a video game due out this fall, enjoys her role as a paintball pinup as much as we do. "It's fun to be a sex symbol," she explains. "There's a kid somewhere with my poster on his wall." Wall? Try ceiling.



> 'We'll party until 4 A.M. and go skinny-dipping.'



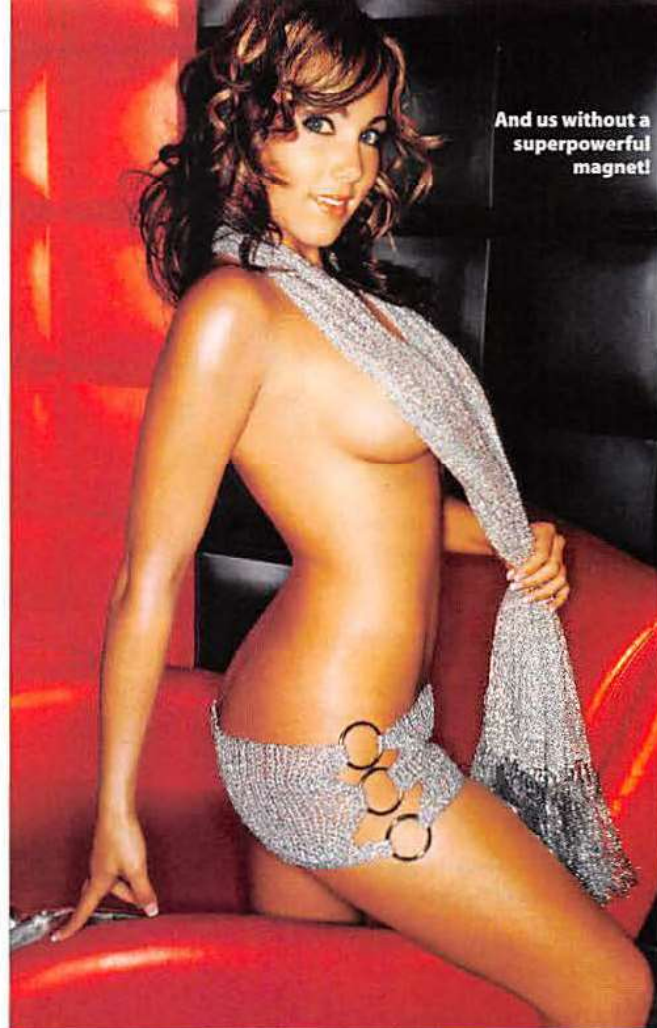
Screw paintball—it's time for a highball!



Actually, we can see you



Subscribers see more pics and video for free in the Maxim Lounge at maximonline.com.



And us without a superpowerful magnet!



She puts the ass in assassin—twice!

Styling: Karen Shapiro; hair: Frederick Parnell; far Solo: makeup: Juanita Lyon. Girls (from far left): Keely Watson of Team Maxim; powered by Shocktech; holding a DYE Precision Ultra Lite Cocker; Chelsa O'Brien; Chihiro of the Far East Dragons; holding a DYE Precision Ultra Lite Cocker. Splats: gudgetstudio.com; guy in helmet: David Morgan; illustration: Ryan Hughes. Shot on location at Mandalay Bay, Las Vegas, NV.

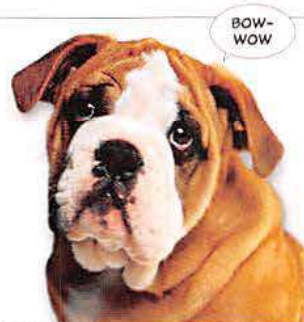
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

> SOCIAL STUDIES

RUFF DATES

Can you guess a girl's personality by the type of dog she owns? Give it a try, ya ugly mutt.*

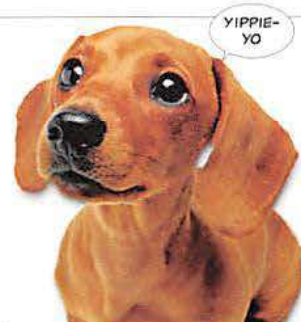
- ☐ 1. A pampered, spoiled princess with prohibitively expensive tastes.
- ☐ 2. A hip, older woman with a flair for the exotic—likes the drinky drink.
- ☐ 3. She's intelligent, introspective, and way too clever for a simp like you.
- ☐ 4. A sensitive, friendly girl who loves the beach and baths. Refreshingly hygienic!
- ☒ 5. She's funny, she's down-to-earth... and she's not afraid to kick your ass.
- ☐ 6. Physically intimidating and she wants to have a family—run, don't walk!
- ☐ 7. A bipolar delight, she can be quiet and reclusive or rowdy and social.
- ☐ 8. Smart and self-assured, she loves big family gatherings. And controlling you!
- ☐ 9. An energetic, rambunctious gal you'll labor painfully to keep up with.



A. Bulldog



B. Poodle



C. Dachshund



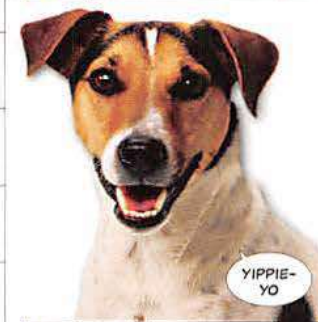
D. Sharpei



E. Rottweiler



F. Great Dane



G. Jack Russell terrier



H. German shepherd



I. Golden retriever

ANSWERS: 1.B,2.D,3.H,4.I,5.A,6.F,7.C,8.E,9.G

> TECHNOLOGY REPORT

RISE OF A MACHINE

Those crafty Japanese cyborg wonks have done it again!

Whether it's the result of an earthquake or a Godzilla rampage, the Japanese live in constant fear of being crushed to death. Fortunately, there's the T-52 Enryu. This five-ton diesel-powered beast, which can be commanded either by remote control or by an operator inside the robot's 11-foot skeleton, uses seven video cameras and a 20-foot arm capable of lifting one ton to navigate disaster sites and search for survivors. The T-52 should be fully operational and ready to enslave mankind by 2005.



"Hello, my name is Cho—I here for blind date!"



> FUN FACT!

The world's largest natural breasts belong to Annie Hawkins-Turner. A 52-l bra houses her 70-inch chest. Buttermilk, anyone?

JAMES STEWART
OAKLEY EYEWEAR





PUNK?

Coca-Cola
Real

> MAXIM SALUTES...

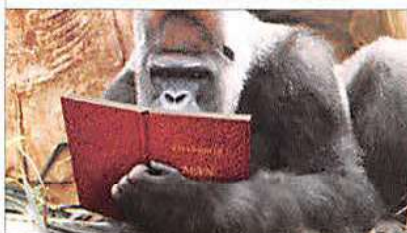
OPRAH!

We give long-overdue props to this titan of daytime television.

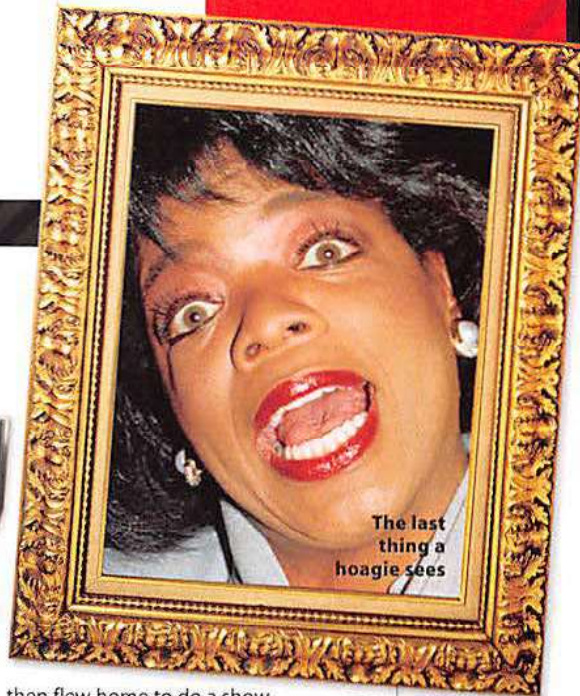
Prop: Miss Winfrey's parents intended to christen their big bundle o' joy "Orpah," but the name was misspelled on the birth certificate. Still, she paved the way for otherwise nondescript entertainers with distinctive first names. Smile for the cameras, Ashton!

Prop: After quitting college to work as a news reader in Nashville, Oprah moved to Chicago in 1984 to host a morning talk show. Now she earns a cool \$180 million a year. Stay in school? That's stupid!

Prop: In December 2002, Oprah visited South Africa to dole out clothes and toys to needy kids, and not at all to feed an increasingly voracious God complex. Oprah the Beneficent mused, "This is why I have the fame and the money—to become a voice for the children." She



"It's like Dr. Phil wrote this just for me!"



then flew home to do a show on teenage trannies and the bulimics who love them.

Prop: Thanks to her razor-sharp literary instincts, all 48 titles inducted into Oprah's Book Club have become bestsellers. Coming soon: Oprah's Army of Brainwashed Minions Bent on Taking Over the World Club.

Prop: At her trimmest, in 1988, Oprah weighed 145 pounds. Four years later she ballooned to a marginally huskier 237 pounds—just about Mike Tyson's fighting weight in 2002. Living proof that you don't need to be thin to win. You go, girl!

Prop: So what's the bestest thing about Oprah? The fact that she'll soon grace our cover wearing a barely-there white lace teddy? Close, but no. The best thing about Oprah is that she's not Rosie!



> FUN FACT!

The average lead pencil can draw a line 35 miles long or write 45,000 words. For you that's about 12 love poems, right?

> INSIDE POLITICS

EVERYBODY LOVES BUSH

The continuing adventures of America's wackiest unwanted House guest!



ME BONSAI TREE, NOT A BUSH, IDIOTS.



STAY TUNED...



WEB BYTES

It's a penguin smackdown! www.ebaumsworld.com/penguinswing.html

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> MAXIM WORLDWIDE

PAULINA FLORES

The water isn't the only thing in Mexico that'll make you feel weak.



As seen in: *Maxim en Español*, February 2004

Her story: Paulina hit it big in 2000 when she won Mexico's esteemed

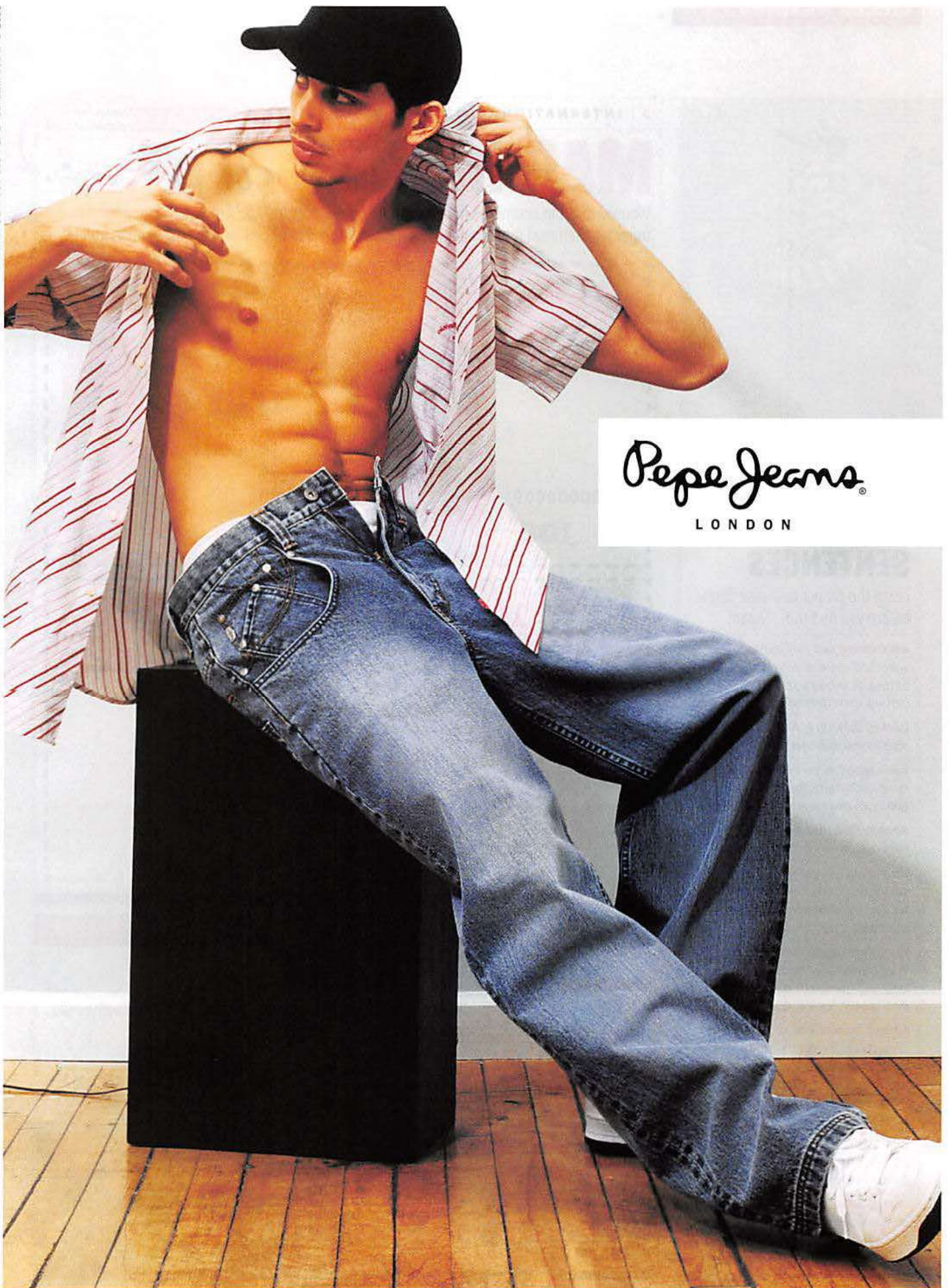
Nuestra Belleza pageant, then went global when she took the title "Latina of the World" the following year. Despite being named one of Earth's choicest *chicas*, she's turned down modeling opportunities to study psychology. So how would she diagnose her catwalking colleagues? "Most of them are narcissistic," she explains. "Some self-esteem problems." So hot...so tragic. Hitting the books lets Paulina do more than get inside the heads of her competition—it prepares her for the day she's done strutting her stuff. "This is a great job, but it's not for life," she admits. "Soon 16-year-olds will beat the crap out of me." Hey, welcome to our world.

She's hot.
She's Mexican.
She's 11 feet tall.

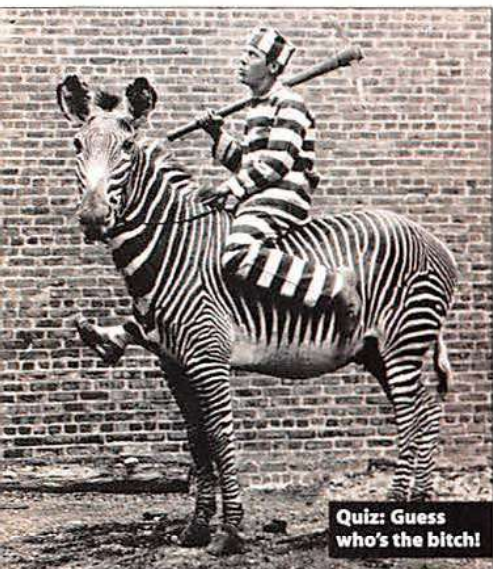
PHOTOGRAPH BY
PAOLA LEÓN LÁMBARRI



Subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim Lounge* at maximonline.com.



Pepe Jeans.
LONDON



Quiz: Guess who's the bitch!

VOCAB LESSON

PRISON SENTENCES

Learn the proper jailhouse lingo before you do time... again.

ass betting (ass'-bet-ing) v. wagering more than you can afford to lose. *Mumbles lost while ass betting, so he got shanked in the neck.*

blickey (blik'-ē) n. AIDS. *Practice safe rape so you don't get the blickey.*

bonaroos (bō-nuh-rūz') n. one's most dashing clothes. *Don your bonaroos and meet me in the shower.*

donkey dick (dōng'-kē-dik) n. sliced cold cuts. *Mmm, try the donkey dick!*

do greasy (dū-grē'-sē) v. to treat someone poorly. *I sincerely apologize for doing you greasy by forcibly sodomizing your bitch.*

jump the broom (jump-the-brūm') v. to "marry" another prisoner. *My celly and I jumped the broom 12 years ago, but the sex is as good as ever!*

keister bunny (kēs'-ter-bun-ē) n. one who hides contraband in his anus. *If you want cigs, see Johnny—that keister bunny's got a veritable bodega stashed up there.*

may tag (mā'-tag) n. a passive homosexual partner. *The best way for a fresh fish to stay alive? Become Bubba's may tag.*

weedy-weedy (wē'-dē-wē'-dē) v. to snitch or provide information. *Fast Eddie just went to the warden's office! I'll bet he's gonna weedy-weedy.*

INTERNATIONAL MONETARY FUN

MAO MONEY

Worried that the booming Chinese economy threatens the U.S.? Cut out and glue this bill together, then mail it to a random Chinaman. The influx of cash will cause crippling inflation!

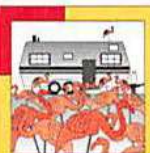
ILLITERATE? Here's our diabolical plan!



GREAT QUOTES

GET IT RIGHT

Col. Trautman on why you shouldn't make *First Blood's* John Rambo mad.



FUN FACT!

250,000 pink lawn flamingos are sold in the U.S. each year... How the fuck did we win the Cold War?

“YOU DON'T SEEM TO WANT TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH AN EXPERT IN GUERRILLA WARFARE. WITH A MAN WHO'S THE BEST—WITH GUNS, WITH KNIVES, WITH HIS BARE HANDS. A MAN WHO'S BEEN TRAINED TO IGNORE PAIN, IGNORE WEATHER, TO LIVE OFF THE LAND, TO EAT THINGS THAT WOULD MAKE A BILLY GOAT PUKE. IN VIETNAM HIS JOB WAS TO DISPOSE OF ENEMY PERSONNEL. TO KILL, PERIOD! WIN BY ATTRITION. WELL, RAMBO WAS THE BEST!”





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CIRCUS MAXIMUS



One of the sticks was only as long as Jerry's hand. They called it the Jerry Hand Stick.

Now the boys could use a ruler to find how long their sticks were. They could find how big around they were by measuring the string with a ruler.



HOW BIG IS a STICK?

◀ **THE \$150 WINNER!**
Some children's books should come with a parental advisory sticker, don't you think?
—Karen DeMoura, Boylston, MA

SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.

▼ RUNNER-UP

Great for tea—and no need to add milk!
—Michelle Dilley, Davenport, IA



▲ RUNNER-UP

There's nothing more satisfying than thawing one out.
—J. Moore, Sierra Madre, CA



◀ RUNNER-UP

It was dragging behind him peacefully until a couple of sheep came wandering onto the field...
—Eric Martin, Vancouver, WA



> FUN FACT!

Sixty percent of Americans can name all Three Stooges; only 17 percent can name three Supreme Court justices.



◀ RUNNER-UP

The place may look a bit run-down, but the chocolate soft-serve is simply out of this world!
—Chris Lynberg, Overland Park, KS

SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL SMUT LATELY?

If it turns us on, we'll send you \$150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.



▲ RUNNER-UP

Incredible head in a Navy shower? We'd never feel clean again.
—Robert Sherman, Rochester, NY

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scotch. Sorry,
Kelsey.



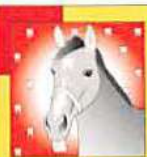
> KILLER GEAR

FUN & AMMO

In this era of conflict, it's nice to see weapons can offer comfort.

NO. 2 WITH A BULLET

This shiny toilet paper holder is made out of a bullet from a .50-caliber BMG, an early belt-fed automatic weapon. If the thought of death by machine gun doesn't scare your bathroom visitors shitless, it'll at least remind them that failure to light a match could have dire consequences. (\$9, lockinventor.com)



> FUN FACT!

Nearly half of all Kentucky residents over the age of 65 are missing all their teeth. Good news for anyone with a granny fetish.

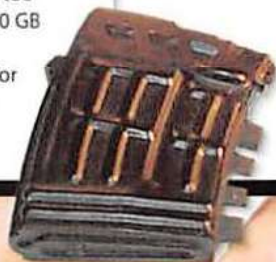
HOLIDAY FEAR

Canadian manufacturer Katick Supplies says these 12-gauge shotgun shell lights can be used year-round, but they scream Christmas to us. And if you need further proof that the pen really is mightier than the sword, Katick sells nifty ballpoints made of ammo as well. (\$4-\$16, bulletpens.ca)



MUSIC CLIPS

Built into a real Kalashnikov ammo magazine, the AK-MP3 is perfect for anyone who finds the iPod too dainty. This hardware has 20 GB of storage and a stylish camouflage carrying case for all those late-night stealth jogging missions. (\$350, audiobooksforfree.com)



The Army's new uniforms aren't for every soldier

> SHOW AND TELL

YO, SLICK!

A blockhead goes ice skating in Southern California.



1 Chuck Ward, a daredevil in Long Beach, hits a four-foot ramp at 20 mph...



2 ...wearing 60-pound blocks of ice on his feet.

3 All is well...



4 ...sort of...

5 ...until he bites it hard.



6 The ice blocks smash, along with Ward's dignity, after he hits the car.



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WHO CARES?

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your human evolution, gallows execution, covert institution questions.

Q: WHY DO PEOPLE LOOK DIFFERENT?

A: Attention, creationists: Turn the page now. "Each of us still carries traits that were useful to our ancestors tens of thousands of years ago," says Dawn Allain, president of the National Society of Genetic Counselors. That's why darker-skinned people emerged from hot, sunny climates, while daylight-deprived Swedes became whiter than Clay Aiken. You have 46 characteristic-carrying chromosomes—23 from Ma, 23 from your deadbeat dad. But even within families, physical traits can differ greatly. While you may look like your great-grandfather, your sister's genetic stew could be from another ancestor altogether. Or she might look like the mailman. Adding to the puzzle is "spontaneous mutation," which means traits may have no familial precedent at all. These include higher cheekbones or, in our case, an abnormally large penis.



"Aw, man—I ran outta Clearasil again!"

Q: WHEN DID THEY STOP HANGING MEN FOR HORSE STEALING?

A: Wait, they *stopped*? According to the Death Penalty Information Center, the last known execution for horse theft was in California in 1851. But it was never that common a sentence; of the roughly 3,500 executions from 1700 to 1860, only 51 were for steed stealing. Pennsylvania was the first state to abolish capital punishment for robbery, in 1786—but believe it or not, the South was behind the curve. "Robbery was still a capital crime in some Southern states until 1972, when the Supreme Court declared death penalty statutes unconstitutional," says Stuart Banner, a UCLA law professor and the author of *The Death Penalty: An American History*. Guess the makers of *The Horse Whisperer* will never be brought to justice.



"That's it—you're glue!"

Q: HOW CAN I GET INTO THE CIA?

A: You'll need a love of cooking if you're talking about the Culinary Institute of America. But if you mean the Central Intelligence Agency, it's a bit more complicated. Even the lunch ladies at Langley need to be U.S. citizens, pass medical and physical exams, and have a clean criminal record. Most non-kitchen staff must pass a polygraph...*Fine*, we lied about the large penis. You up your chances by having a graduate degree, military service, and/or fluency in Arabic, Farsi, Chinese, Russian, or Korean. Check cia.gov to see what positions are available; to become what's known as a "pussy-magnet superspy," apply for the Clandestine Service program. The Directorate of Operations sets up an interview to see what career track you're suited for, and months later you're grilled about foreign affairs. Get through that and you return for a grueling three-day litany of tests and headshrinking. "We're looking for excellence," says CIA spokesman Tom Crispell. "We want individuals we can entrust with our most sensitive information." Example: We lied about WMDs in Iraq—but keep that under your hat!



"OK, ma'am. Where's the mouse?"

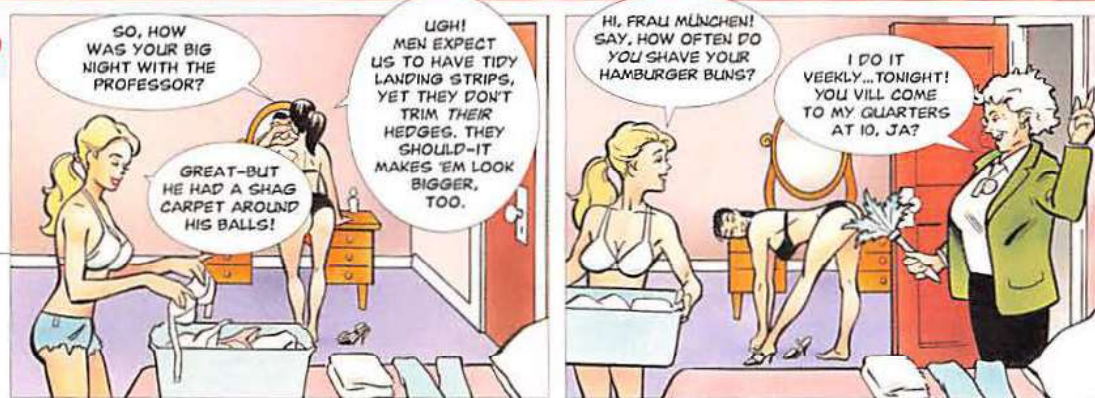
GOT Q'S

Write to Ask Anything, Maxim, 1040 6th Ave., NY, NY 10018, or e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Oil!

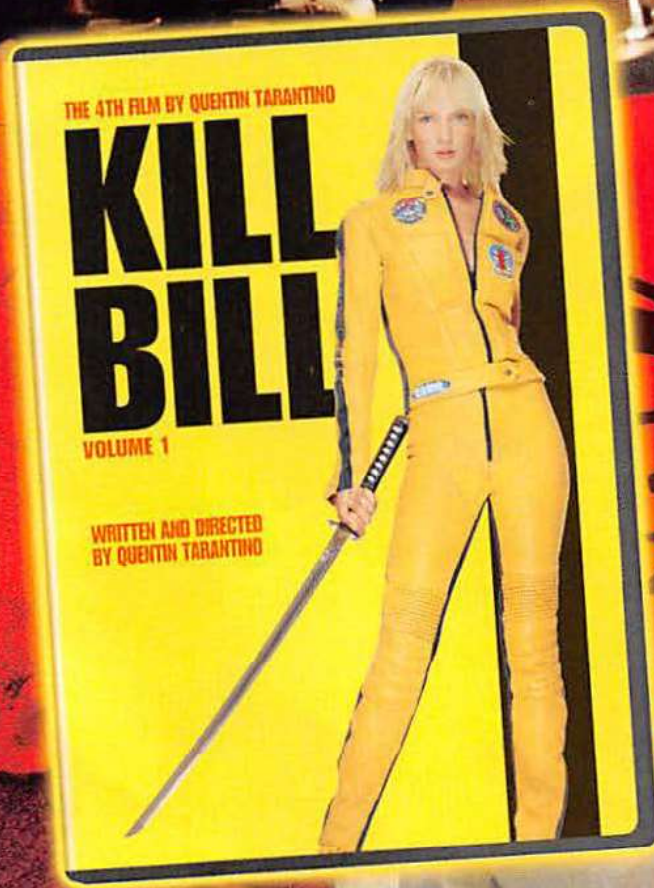
BEAUTIFUL MINDS

Trust the *TTTTT* girls

This month the sisters discuss grooming south of the border.



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AND DAVID CARRADINE AS "BILL" GUEST STARRING SONNY CHIBA JULIE DREYFUS CHIAKI KURIYAMA GORDON LIU MICHAEL PARKS
EDITED BY SALLY MENKE DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ROBERT RICHARDSON, A.S.C. PRODUCTION DESIGNER YOHEI TANEDA EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BOB WEINSTEIN HARVEY WEINSTEIN ERICA STEINBERG E. BENNETT WALSH
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Do Everything Better (Except Manicures)

HOW TO

> HOW TO

EXTERMINATE CRITTERS


Crafty ants make off with your pic-a-nic basket again? Time to show 'em who's boss.



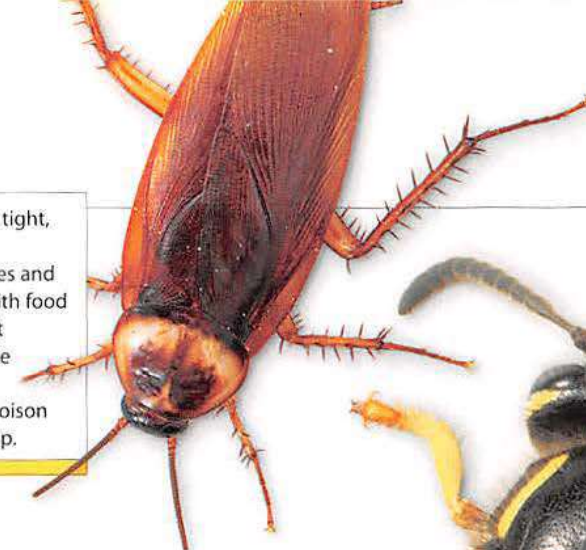
SPIDERS Webs and piles of drained insects are two good signs you've got eight-legged freaks. Most spiders are harmless and kill insects; they're also bachelors, so if you see one, just crush the little guy. If you have a basement or garage full, spray pyrethrin or sprinkle the web with boric acid dust to poison 'em.




CARPENTER ANTS Ironically, these guys destroy, not build. Look for frass (bug-dork-speak for poo and dead ants) by windowsills, gutters, or decks. Tap wood to find the hollowest spot—that's where the nest likely is—and inject boric acid dust, which sticks to ants and spreads as they clean themselves. It also works on the regular ants in your kitchen.



TERMITES Termites merrily tear through your house, feeding off cellulose (not cellulite) in wood. Got pencil-width mud tunnels on your lumber? Broken wings along the windowsill? Crumbling house in your yard? You've got termites. Dig a six-inch trench around your home, spray termiticide, then refill it. Spray along your foundation too. The chemical barrier kills or repels termites, sending them elsewhere for food—like your neighbor's house.




COCKROACHES Like you, roaches love tight, wet areas and repulse women. Look for droppings or spit trails along door frames and other crevices. "Replace roaches' food with food that kills them," says Orkin entomologist Frank Meek. Out of Mom's meat loaf? Use insecticide bait or injectable wall gels. Roaches (not the ashtray kind) spread poison when they—yum!—eat each other's crap.




BEDBUGS Bedbugs eat only blood, so they lurk where dumb humans sleep, like your cubicle. "Look for blood spots on your bed and itchy red welts on you," says Meek. (So *that's* why she left you.) Vacuum your furniture and throw away the bag. Spray silica gel on the bed to scratch their exoskeletons and bleed them dry, or pyrethrin to shut down their nervous systems.



WASPS Next to musicals and playing golf, there's nothing wasps love more than sugar. If you have a wasp problem, check the edge of your roof, windows, or tree branches for a honey-combed nest and swat wildly at it with a stick. (Oops!) Or spray it with insecticide and run.



MOSQUITOES From West Nile virus to malaria, mosquitoes carry some nasty shit. (Only the females bite, so if you find a mosquito leather bar, you're fine.) They lay eggs in water, so get rid of standing water in flowerpots, clogged gutters, or puddles of urine. In areas you can't drain, such as birdbaths and pools, add growth-regulator hormones like methaprene that stop the larvae from becoming bloodsucking bitches.



MILLIPEDES If your home is overrun with these multihooved little buggers, chances are (a) your basement isn't exactly sealed tight, or (b) you're deceased and currently reside in a coffin. Assuming you *are* still alive, taking a little spackle or cement to the cracks in your crumbling foundation should do the trick. Or you could take on the bugs individually: Just get out a .22 and shoot it in the leg. No, the other one...

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HOW TO



**"Do these
shoes go with
this penis?"**

> HOW TO

CATCH HER EYE

Because your dream girl can't love you until she knows who you are.

1. GET INSIDE HER HEAD

If you've got your heart set on a special someone, spend some time brushing up on the things that matter to her so you'll have something to discuss. "Everyone likes talking about themselves, so zooming in on one of her interests is a great way to get her to open up," says Susan RoAne, author of *RoAne's Rules: How to Make the Right Impression*. If she's shy around strangers—or if you are—find out a little about her from her friends. Is she into horses? Browse an equestrian tome at the bookstore so you have some conversation fodder. Does she hang out at coffee shops more than bars? Choosing java instead of your usual four morning whiskeys can open you up to new experiences. Plus, you could keep your job for more than a week, which is often attractive to the female species.

2. WALK IN HER FOOTSTEPS

Sharing her interests is a great icebreaker—but you can't really break through if you don't know where the ice is. Pay attention to her daily routine so you get to know how she spends her time. Check out hacker-tools.com for the latest software to monitor her Hotmail account and keep tabs on her whereabouts. To track her habits 24-7, try pairing a set of ATN Viper modular night-vision goggles (\$269 at opticsplus.net) with a nifty meth habit (about \$50-\$100 per gram from your local dealer). When you finally meet her face-to-face, be sure to make eye contact and show off those pearly whites. "When you're nervous, you forget to smile, and that's why people often don't respond," says RoAne. Once Dream Girl notices that you're everywhere she goes, the conversation should flow naturally!

3. SPEAK HER LANGUAGE

Women are funny creatures, so don't get discouraged when your beloved goes all PMS on you and calls the cops. An intense reaction like that can only mean she has strong feelings for you—now it's your job to turn those feelings into "undying love." So how can you seize the opportunity of a bullshit stalking hearing to make her yours forever? "Oh...I don't think we're talking about the same thing," says RoAne uncomfortably. "Can we stop recording?" The good news is, now that your girl has been tricked by her lawyer into filing a restraining order against you, she *definitely* knows your name! Deluge her with notes, gifts, and serenades (screaming from a court-mandated 200 feet away counts). Carve her name into your forehead—remember to do it backward! Never give up. True love waits...25 to life when it has to.



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NOTE: The Jell-O and bag need to be reset each turn. Use midgets, who can be fed with the scattered Jell-O.



● shot of
tequila

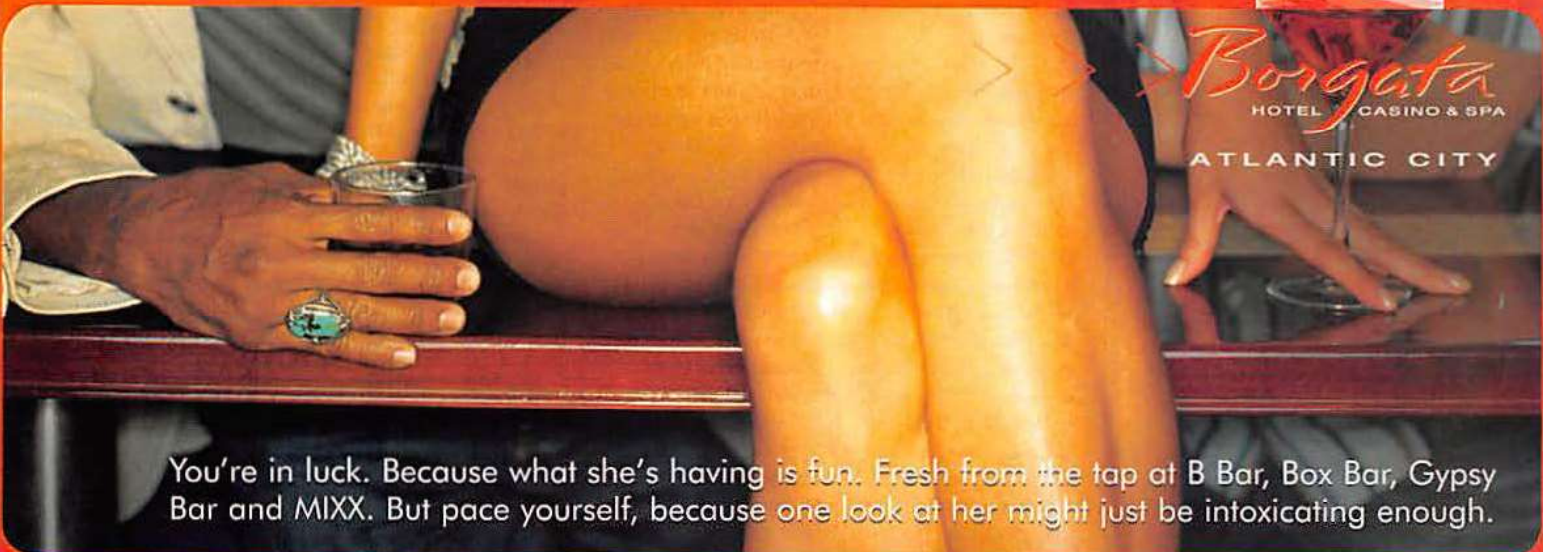
● bourbon
& water

● single
malt



whatever
she's having

go to your
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HOW TO



> HOW TO

CHANGE A LIGHT BULB

Not that bright? Feel free to read this a couple of times.

1. DANCE IN THE DARK

First make sure the light bulb you're trying to replace is, in fact, burned out and that your eyes aren't merely shut. (Tip: When the bulb is hard to look at and hot to the touch, it does not need to be changed.) "If the switch is turned on and there's no light, your bulb probably doesn't work," says Padraic Duffy, an electrician based in Albuquerque, NM. In most cases, the switch is on when it's flipped up and off when it's down, but it may help to note the correct positions on the wall with a crayon, just in case.

2. TURN, TURN, TURN

Reach the burned-out bulb using a stepladder, a chair, or a stack of bunnies. Dry your hands first to avoid contracting a nasty case of death, and don't grab the bulb too tightly or it may shatter. "Broken glass is bad for hands," Duffy warns. Once you've got the bulb, unscrew it by turning it to the left. This will take more than one turn. Don't—repeat, do not—smash the bulb with a hammer to remove it from the socket. This might seem quicker at first but will only lead to needless delays later on.

3. TWIST AND SHOUT

If you don't have a fresh bulb, now's a good time to go get one. Run to the store, or, if cost is an issue, make your own with a glassblower, tungsten filament, and "light juice." Got bulb? Insert the smaller, metallic part into the socket; if the bulb is way too big, you may be inserting it the wrong end. Screw it clockwise until it stays; otherwise the bulb will fall when you let go.

4. LIGHT UP MY LIFE

Now turn the light switch to the on position discussed earlier. "If the bulb illuminates when you've turned the switch, you've done a good job," says Duffy. Climb down from your perch or, if you're feeling frisky, jump. Just make sure your tie isn't caught in the fixture before you take the leap—that's one mistake we won't make twice.

> HOW TO

IRON A SHIRT

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"Could this work on my wrinkly balls?"

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Game Experience May
Change During Online Play.

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Ask Dr. Maxim

This month the doctor gets to the bottom of crazy cows, why wetter isn't always better, passing stones, and getting blinded by the night. Plus: chopped nuts. BY ROSIE AMODIO



When I'm driving at night, I often can't read signs. What can I do to make my night sight better?

You're not alone, Magoo. Ninety percent of a driver's reaction depends on vision, and driving at night ain't easy. "Think of your eye like a camera," says Eric R. Mandel, M.D., medical director of Mandel Vision in New York City. "At night there's less light, so your pupils dilate like the aperture on a camera. The more peripheral light that comes in, the more near-sighted you become." Dr. Mandel suggests turning on a map light. The added, indirect light can cause your pupils to constrict, giving you better vision and depth perception.

Another blurry nighttime vision culprit? Dry eyes, especially in contact lens wearers.

The drier your eyes, the more glare you're gonna get while driving.

The drier your eyes, the more glare you're gonna get. Don't have any drops? Get some—duh—or just blink, says Dr. Mandel. Since you blink less often when you're driving, make a conscious effort to rewet your eyes.

And if you've been putting off corrective eye surgery because you're already Helen Keller—esque enough at night, there's good news. Until last year, a major side effect of eye laser surgery was decreased night vision. But the newly approved CustomVue laser procedure, which uses technology created for NASA telescopes, corrects your vision and reduces night-vision-induced problems... at a cost of up to seven Gs. Or just pull out your dorky glasses from high school. Unless they got stomped on by the popular kids.

Why do some girls get wetter than others during sex?

Most of the time a slick surface only means you're doing something right. When a gal gets turned on, her machinery creates natural lubrication that preps her plumbing for your plunger, fella. Moisture level is controlled by arousal (e.g., thoughts of her with her best friend—no, wait, that's *your* fantasy), and hormones are also at play. When she's ovulating, the increased estrogen elevates coochie moisture (and causes those exciting impromptu crying fits midmonth).

"The amount of lubrication varies from woman to woman," explains Steven Hockstein, M.D., F.A.C.O.G., assistant professor, department of obstetrics and gynecology, New York-Presbyterian Hospital. "When patients complain of excessive wetness during sex, there's almost never anything wrong. It's their body's response to arousal." The only time to worry about her lube job is if the liquid has color or odor or if she complains of irritation or pain during sex, which could indicate an infection or STD.

If things are *too* slippery when she's wet, you can always try sex positions—like rear entry—that tilt her tubing and make for a tighter fit. Or she could try taking an over-the-counter antihistamine or decongestant like Sudafed, says Dr. Hockstein. They work by reducing secretion from mucous membranes—which aren't found only in her nose. Finally, if your girlfriend's humidity level rises at certain times of the month, birth control pills, which suppress the release of her eggs, may get rid of any excess liquid problems... and stave off paternity suits. Bonus: This just might be the excuse you needed to try anal.

My dad just passed a gallstone, and it seemed like it hurt like crazy. How can I avoid getting one?

These nasty particles—which serve no purpose other than torturing you—form when bile in the gallbladder hardens because there's too much cholesterol in the liquid. Most affected people pass these as "silent stones" without even noticing them. "They're usually not a big deal," says Martin C. Carey, M.D., D.Sc., gastroenterologist at Harvard. "It's an abnormality, but even if your doctor finds one while doing a routine ultrasound, he



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probably won't do anything about it." The stones usually make their way through the gallbladder and various ducts of the biliary system into your small intestine and are excreted with all the other, uh, crap you have in your body.

But when they lodge in the passageway between your gallbladder and your bile duct, that's when you notice them. It's the internal equivalent of childbirth: A hard lump of crystalline cholesterol that can be as big as a golf ball is squeezing through your threadlike gallbladder duct, causing severe pain and vomiting for hours. (Think spring break.)

Heredity is a huge factor with troubled passage, so now you've got one more thing to yell about to your therapy doll. If a parent had one, you're three times more likely than the average guy to get one (though, in general, women get more). There's usually no warning you're about to pass or lodge a stone, but obesity, rapid weight loss, fasting, and some cholesterol-lowering drugs can increase your risk of gallstones. But there is literally a silver lining to this whole gallstone problem: The stones don't usually start causing trouble until after age 60. So keep drinking like you do now and you might die before you ever to have to deal with it!

Between toxic farm-raised salmon and mad cow disease, how do I know what's safe to eat?

You could always become a vegan... but we assume you'd prefer to eat Ned Beatty's



This is why you never let Rosie O'Donnell walk your cow

underwear. And it probably wouldn't help: More people catch food-borne diseases from your long-time nemeses fruits and veggies than from tainted meat.

What causes mad cow disease? "Farmers save a few bucks by feeding castoff meat products, some of which are contaminated, to cattle destined for your table," says David Heber, M.D., Ph.D, director of UCLA's Center for Human Nutrition. Infected cows get a high level of prions—abnormal forms of a normal protein—in their central nervous systems; humans who eat tainted meat are at risk for variant Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease,

You're more likely to get sick from veggies than mad cow.

the human equivalent of mad cow, a fatal, degenerative condition that literally creates holes in your brain that cause tons of physical problems and make you think you're crazy.

But experts believe the human health threat from infected beef is infinitesimal. "Bottom line—no one has been able to detect prions in muscle meat of cattle," says Neil Cashman, M.D., a neurologist-neuroscientist at the University of Toronto. "So if you're eating a boneless cut of steak, a roast, or even most hamburgers, there is close to zero risk." Just skip processed products, such as sausages and hot dogs, which are most likely to contain prion-drenched by-products.

And the funky fish? Despite all the salmon hoopla, contaminant levels in the tainted farm-raised fish are still below safety levels listed by the World Health Organization. And the benefits of salmon—heart-helping omega-3 fatty acids, high protein, low fat—far outweigh the potential cancer-causing PCB hazards. In other words, you're probably fine to eat salmon a few times a month, and don't bother worrying if it's farm-raised or the ocean kind—both contain contaminants. Or follow Dr. Heber's maitre-d'-like suggestion and try ocean-caught halibut as an alternative. *Bon appétit!* **M**



GOT A HEALTH QUESTION?

Submit your questions on the Grit channel at maximonline.com.

HOW TO CASTRATE YOURSELF

Tired of crashing your car every time a pretty girl walks by? Cut your losses...literally! Here's how to cash in your family jewels.

STEP ONE:

NUMB YOUR NUTS

To kill the pain, doctors use a shot of a local anesthesia called lidocaine (200–400 mg). Don't have any friends in scrubs to help you out? Plop a plastic bag of ice directly onto your marbles until the area is completely numb. This should deaden the nerves... somewhat.

STEP TWO:

SLIT THE SACK

Grab a scalpel, pull your tea bag away from your balls, and make an up-and-down 3/4-inch-long cut where your meat meets your potatoes. Don't worry—the blood loss *should* be about a teaspoon, Dr. Bobbit.

STEP THREE:

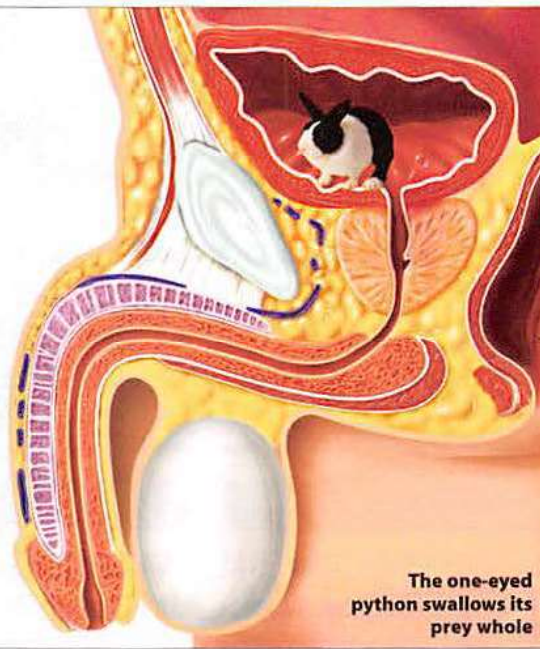
POP AND CUT

Squeeze a nut out and pull until you see its attached tube. Tie a piece of fishing line halfway up to cut off the blood, then snip, stitching at the end with fishing line. Lose the tourniquet and repeat on avocado two, then cram the spaghetti strands back inside your brain bag.

STEP FOUR:

STITCH 'ER UP

Thread a small, curved needle, tie a triple knot, insert needle 1–2 mm from cut, then stitch left to right every few millimeters, and knot at the other end. Keep it moist with antibiotic ointment and you'll be ready for the Vienna Boys' Choir audition in about five days. —Stan Depain



The one-eyed python swallows its prey whole

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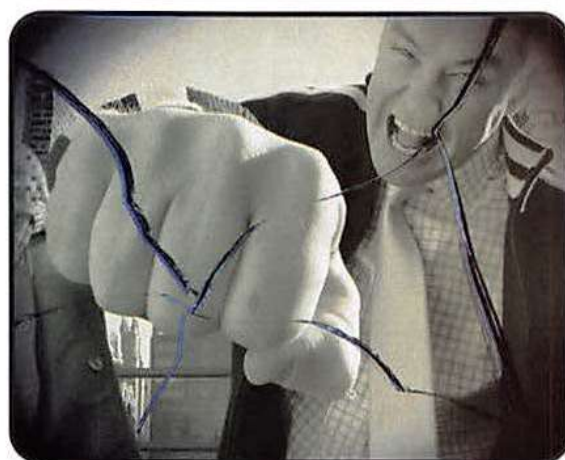
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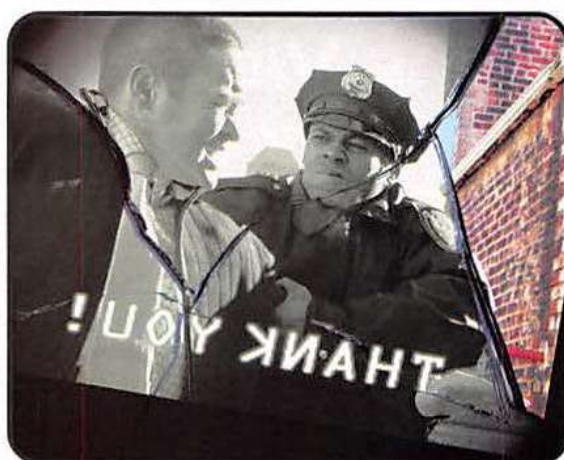
Stage 1: Denial. It's not happening—must be a glitch!



Stage 2: Anger. I'm about to input my frigging fist!



Stage 3: Bargaining. You wanna gimme my card? Now?



Stage 4: Depression. Wait, officer—this isn't what it...crap.

The ATM Ate My Card!

In the most hair-raising testimonial ever published, John Devore tells Maxim what it's like to lose man's most prized possession.

We met while hacking, sawing, and shoving fish intestines into teddy bears.

The dead phone droned on and on like a flatliner's EKG. It felt like I was stewing at the bottom of a well, shouting for help, my pleas bouncing off stone walls and into the uninterested halo of daylight above. I was at the bottom for sure, and from where I was there was no way out but up. And up was every bit as lonely and unforgiving as down. Down and out.

I thought I'd seen it all—mimes juggling hot dogs, monkeys on unicycles, the world's largest human toenail. I've paraglided naked over a live volcano just to warm my nuts, chugged walrus urine with cannibal Inuits, and been taken to a gruesome goat sacrifice by my satanic mailman. But for all my training, all my experiences, all my knowledge of munitions, jazz hands, and the ninja arts, I wasn't prepared—not to have my ATM card betrayed by the very machine that knew how to unlock its magic.

Love at first slash

It was supposed to be the greatest night of my life. I had met my true love two weeks earlier at the cannery. Our meeting had all the romantic chicanery of a classic movie. As we were hacking, sawing, and shoving fish intestines into teddy bears, she accidentally severed my pinkie. She was so beautiful I didn't care about that, or that the soon-to-be-global fish-innard stuffed animal market hadn't taken off. I was happy; I was in love.

She was definitely high-class—you could tell. She drank only the finest boxes of wine and wore the best Wal-Mart had to offer, and her peg leg shone with a smooth Lemon Pledge finish.

I saved for weeks for my first date with Peggy. I planned to pull out all the stops: a night of breakfast

food and bowling. Thoughts flitted behind my eyelids—of her glass eye spinning with joy as I unhinged her jaw and crammed waffles into her mouth; the sound of her peg leg clacking on the bowling alley; her hook hand releasing a ball for a perfect "hook shot." Just when she'd think we'd bowled our last round, I'd smile and whip out a roll of fives, and we'd bowl more. If all went well, I'd invite her back to my parents' tool shed for a romantic finale of Schaefer's and dry humping.

On the big night I picked her up at the prosthetics clinic and we were off. The only thing between us and bliss was one stop: UBPO'd Bank.

Pinned down

There are many global conspiracies to watch out for: the feminist antipatriarchal vibrator conspiracy, the ▶



Tastes like chicken, the screen said

Staff Sergeant. James Taylor. 31U3H Signal Support Systems Specialist.

AN ARMY OF ONE

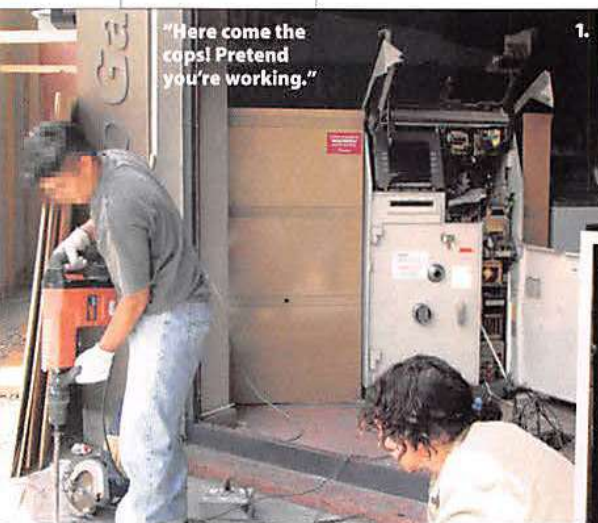


U.S. ARMY

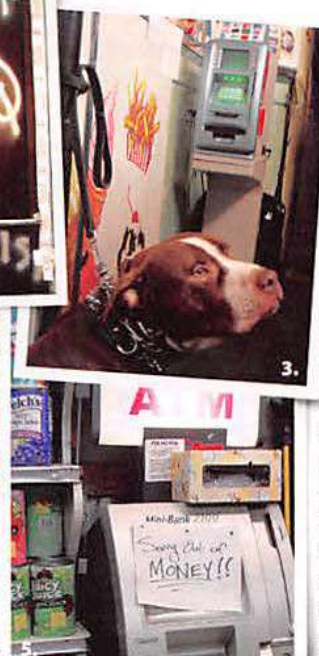
THE ARMY DIDN'T JUST CHANGE THE
WAY I SEE THE WORLD. IT CHANGED
THE WAY THE WORLD SEES ME.

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"Here come the cops! Pretend you're working."



ATM backlash: 1. A Bronx withdrawal. 2. No cash, no justice! 3. OK to pee here? 4. No blood money. 5. ATM cries poor.

chicken nugget conspiracy...and banks. Banks are places you put your money, fully expecting to get it back. It was this logic that led me to the line at the ATM.

The people in front of me didn't seem to be saboteurs or mischief-making hell-spawn. The first person, a hunchback, happily shuffled away, counting his cash as the machine thanked him with whirs and beeps. The next person, a birdlike woman, slid her card into the machine and sang Abba tunes as the cash slot obediently spat out a stack of crisp twenties.

That line now seems more like a green mile to me, a conveyor belt bound for that final, dispassionate hammer that turns bovines into burgers. Oblivious to my fate, I opened my wallet, pulled out my card, and slid it into the Apocalypse's vaginal maw.

PLEASE TYPE IN YOUR PIN NUMBER, the screen beckoned. I followed protocol, like I did in Grenada when I smoked Havanas with my sphincter to distract my Cuban captors. I even used the same top-secret personal identification number I used in Saigon: 1111.

PLEASE TYPE IN YOUR PIN NUMBER, it asked again. What was this...a bug? A computer glitch? A random belch in the bank's bowels? I punched in my PIN yet again, but instead of leading me to the next screen, it just presented me with the same message.

This was bad.

I canceled the transaction faster than a skittish john confronted by a herpes-mouthed prostitute with braces. But when I pressed the cancel button, the ATM only responded: ERROR. Desperate, I fingered the slit, as if I could melt flesh into tentacles that would retrieve my

precious card. It felt kinda good.

ERROR! I pressed cancel again and again, I punched in my PIN again and again, I stabbed all the keys—then, suddenly, everything stopped. A new message appeared: TEMPORARILY OUT OF ORDER.

Hand-to-screen combat

What would I do? I was broke. My pockets—and my heart—were full of lint balls. I needed the money: She was waiting, and she was the sort of woman you didn't keep waiting. Froth formed in my butt crack. My skin sizzled, and had it not been for the carpet of almost humanlike ferret hair hand-stitched into my scalp, I would have shed every follicle on my throbbing skull in rage. With a madman's dexterity,

I grabbed the customer service phone. A soft yet husky voice finally answered.

"Can I help you?"

"Yes. Your ATM just gobbled up my card."

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to fill out a reclamation form inside the branch office."

"What? The bank's closed."


"Then you must come back tomorrow," continued the creepy voice, restraining its diabolical laughter.

"But I'm on a date! No money, no humpy."

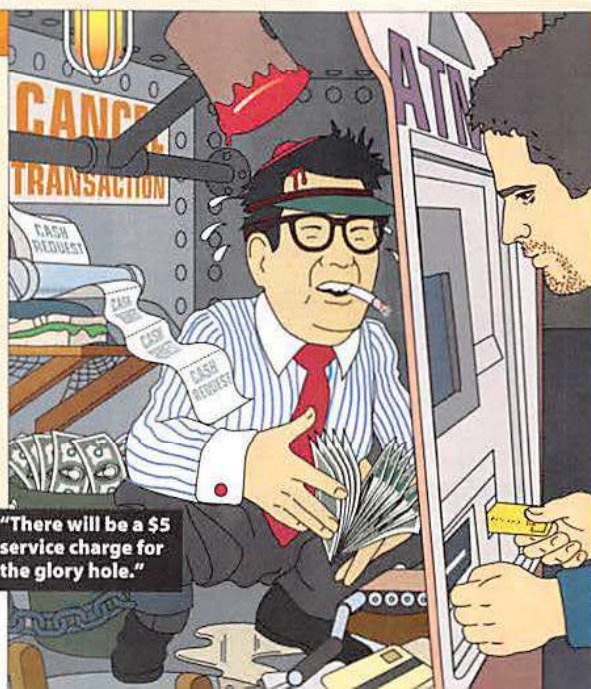
"I'm sorry, sir. Good night." The line went dead. It was hopeless. I could see it all: Peggy dejectedly shaking her head, then hobbling off to the bowling alley with the hunchback. He would eye her leg while licking his lips and fondling a piece of 16 grit sandpaper.

In Delta I learned that when shit went down, you either served the enemy righteous lead or you chomped down on your dog tags and curled up in your lucky body bag. I'd been taught that a firm kick to the enemy's femoral artery would render him unconscious. In the case of the ATM, I beat the fucking shit out of it with the service phone. Then, just as a rent-a-cop was about to grab me, my card suddenly, mysteriously, came spitting out—with my cash!

I was so happy I wouldn't have cared if my card had been covered in rat semen. I kissed it, took my cash, grabbed my girl, and went on to bowl an 82.

I can't tell you why God chose to give me my card back, but I know I'm lucky. Peg and I are getting married, and we're even having our wedding ceremony in front of the ATM. Instead of rings, we're exchanging PIN codes. Why not? She already has the keys to my heart. 

I desperately tried to worm my fingers into the slit, as if I could melt flesh...



BY THE NUMBERS

INSIDE THE BEAST

The ugly truth behind ATMs.

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2. Specially bred midget teller takes card and, depending on his mood, dispenses cash or shreds it.
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4. To keep the midget teller happy, periodic beatings are administered.
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IMPACT!

The good news? An asteroid the size of SL-617 only hits our planet once every 10 million years. The bad news? Scientists give it a 63.8 percent chance of colliding with Earth on September 27 this year. So how bad's it gonna sting?

ILLUSTRATION BY STUDIO LIDDELL

1 ONE SECOND BEFORE IMPACT

You can finally see the asteroid with the naked eye, and it's impressive—an enormous fireball entering the atmosphere much faster than a bullet. The air beneath the meteor compresses, heating up to 60,000 degrees Kelvin—10 times the surface temperature of the sun—immediately incinerating everything in its path.

2 MOMENT OF IMPACT

The meteorite plows into the Earth's fragile crust. Chances are good it will hit an uninhabited area, like an ocean or Antarctica. But let's say it plows into the suddenly ironic town of Dodge City, Kansas, vaporizing on impact and killing everything within 200 miles. The blast, as powerful as a million megatons of TNT, digs out a crater 25 miles across, blowing over half a billion tons of rock and soil into the air, some of it all the way to space.

3 ONE SECOND AFTER IMPACT

The shock wave expands outward at close to the speed of light. Everything within 400 miles of impact spontaneously combusts. People lucky enough to live outside the zone of immediate devastation see a blinding flash.

4 TWO SECONDS AFTER IMPACT

A black wall of rock, soil, and bits of debris rises up from the ground to the sky and spreads outward at thousands of miles per hour. It actually moves faster than the speed of sound, so people in its path don't hear a thing before they're obliterated.

6 TWO MINUTES AFTER IMPACT

People 1,000 miles away get nailed by projectiles. The meteorite's impact causes a global string of volcano eruptions and earthquakes. These then trigger giant tsunamis hundreds of feet high—say goodbye to Miami, New Orleans, Holland.

5 ONE MINUTE AFTER IMPACT

Everything standing is flattened and almost every living thing within 600 miles of Dodge City is killed (that includes Albuquerque, Denver, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Memphis, Little Rock, Wichita, Houston, Dallas, and San Antonio). The ground behind the wave of destruction is scoured by 300 mph winds.

7 ONE HOUR AFTER IMPACT

What goes up must come down. Flaming rock and ash fall like rain on everything within 1,000 miles of the impact site, setting aflame anything still standing in an area stretching all the way from Chicago to Las Vegas.

8 ONE DAY AFTER IMPACT

As many as a billion people are already dead. To make matters worse, the meteor's entry tears up the atmosphere, crippling communications worldwide—so survivors have no way of knowing what's going on.

"Sure beats licking myself!"



THE END IS HERE!

A handy checklist of things to do before the big one hits.

- Go up a skyscraper and whack balls off the roof. So what if you kill people? We're all gonna die anyway.
- Take a Carnival cruise. Dress up as a pirate. Organize a mutiny. Make fat Florida retirees walk the plank.
- Visit all the bridges of Madison County.
- Put money on the Red Sox.
- Do every drug in creation, then immediately repent and find Jesus.
- Become acquainted with the soothing touch of soap.
- Check out that whole auterotic asphyxiation thing.
- Build a crayfish gun. Fire it at oncoming cars.
- Roll two giant concrete balls up against the Washington Monument.
- Two words: second dessert!
- Paint flames on your El Camino.
- Admit that President Bush's idea about moon settlements maybe wasn't as moronic as it sounded.

9 ONE WEEK AFTER IMPACT

Most of the planet is now dark, as a huge black blanket of ash blots out the sun, plunging the entire Earth into months of continuous night.

10 ONE MONTH AFTER IMPACT

Acid rain falls across the globe. With most plant life dead, almost the entire population that survived to this point starves to death (or is ravaged by cancer, as the ozone layer is effectively destroyed). And things don't get better for awhile—the effects of the impact that probably killed the dinosaurs lasted for 10,000 years.

Athens, Here We Come!

For the U.S. tag team, a once-improbable trip to the 2004 Olympic Games is finally within touching distance. We're it!



Clockwise from above left: Norway's Ewell Ululu illegally tags back Latvian player Victor Von Doom Jr. in the famous "finishing touch" at the '03 World Championship; stout Irishman Paddy O'Furniture tramples France's Gaston Flambé; an exultant Von Doom tags God in celebration.*

Dante Hall is sweating. It's not from exertion: The NFL's All-Pro receiver and kick returner, an exquisitely conditioned athlete, can run rings 'round this stadium without getting winded.

No, for the first time in his storied career, Hall is nervous. "Don't ask me about football," he says, cracking his weathered knuckles. "Right now I'm all about tag."

That single-point focus on this once-ridiculed childhood game is a common phenomenon here in Olympic Park München, the immense sports venue where the U.S. is hoping to yank down Germany's pants and claim the last qualifying spot at the 2004 Athens Olympics. Hall and fellow football stars Deion Sanders, Barry Sanders, and Terrell Owens have joined a Dream Team of pro sports talent in this ultracompetitive Western Regional. Team Tag U.S.A. has been drilling six days a week since Super Bowl Sunday and has gone an impressive 8-0 thus far.

On the "noble greensward," as a tag field is known, Hall is all but invisible. Twisting his 5'8" body, he hurdles opponents and twice reverses field, frustrating the implacable



Tag will be an exhibition sport in '04. Spud yet languishes.

Germans at every turn. "Ich habe dich!" ("You're it!") German captain Uwe Blumpy roars, closing in with a dive-bomb tag attempt. But it's premature: Hall ducks and rolls and makes the stretch to base. "Remember Pearl Harbor!" he taunts erroneously.

"This is hands-down the greatest sport I've ever played," Deion Sanders says, echoing a team sentiment. "Despite all the craziness."

The "craziness," as Sanders politely calls it, is the feud between U.S. coach Hugh G. Rection, a tag purist, and Jacques Eetch, the showboating chief of the IOC. At issue is Eetch's repeal of the "no tag-backs" rule: Specifically, you can tag a tagger back if the tag is on the back, though you can't tag that back-tagger back. A compromise plan involving affixing a "tag-back back tag" to taggers' backs was vetoed unanimously, inspiring an unpopular move that led loutish American and British fans to riot earlier in these qualifying rounds.

FAST AND FURIOUS

Tag is full-contact, but the equipment is basic.

1. Three tag deaths in 2003 led to mandatory helmets.
2. Tighter-than-the-Olsen-twins T-shirt repels foe fingers.
3. Tagging glove with tournament-length fingering.
4. Kneepads help prevent injury, aid in begging for mercy.
5. Sneakers with one wheel get you back home quick at dusk.



"That was unfortunate," says Rection stiffly. "That sort of thing doesn't help the sport at all. And now I don't know if moms are gonna let them play. They very often get grounded."

Ring time

It's understandable that Team Tag would suffer missteps on the world stage. The Americans weren't even expected to compete for a slot in the '04 Games, where tag will be an exhibition sport. Professional play, in the Tournament of International Team Tag "It" Evading Scramblers (the ITT), is a lucrative off-season pay-per-view gig for figure skaters and rugby players. But there was little momentum behind U.S. tag until Coach Rection came along.

Burly and charismatic, Rection was a tagger himself back when Yale's program reigned supreme in the Ivy League. Now in his 50s, he retains not only a passion for the game but also the reflexes and restless energy that made him impossible to finger on the Bulldog field. While he won't discuss the source of the bad blood between him and Eetch, Rection minces nary a word

MISSING

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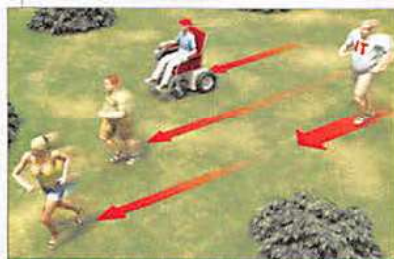
MAKE THE CALL

Playground tag days over? See if you've still got the chops.



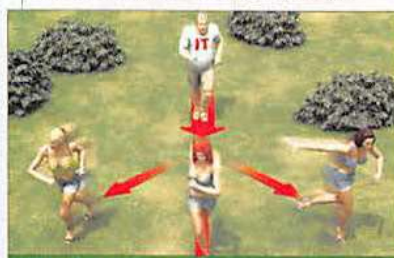
WHERE ARE YOU GONNA RUN?

Tradition says hide behind a tree or just run away from the girl, but today's best tip the old lady into her cart and use it to run down the smug guy.



WHOM DO YOU TAG FIRST?

Rookies go for the throat and clothesline the wheelchair kid, missing a perfect opportunity to chase the chick with the bouncing nay-nays.



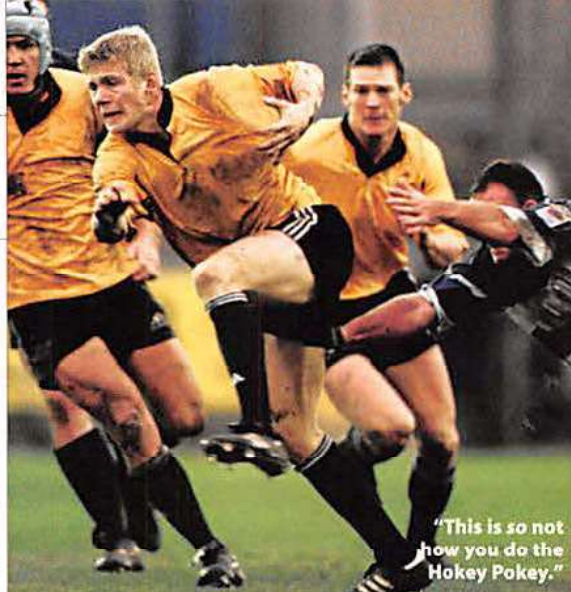
WHAT'S YOUR STRATEGY?

Duh! Tag the slowest hottie. Once she's it, hide in the bushes and furiously tag Junior as they chase each other, giggling. Hopefully, their blouses will rip.



WHAT'S YOUR ENDGAME?

When up against urban pros, things can get dangerous. Tag each opponent in the face—hard—then attempt to dodge the ensuing hail of gunfire.



"This is so not how you do the Hokey Pokey."



"Goddamn it, ref—call a do-over!"

defending the no-tag-backs rule. "Tag-backs are for nancies," he says, color rising in his cheeks. "It's a way to run down the clock, and it's cowardly. It's not how men play tag." Eetch could not be reached for comment, but his office issued a press release declaring that names would be insufficient to hurt him.

Rection waxes sanguine when he reveals his hopes for the sport. Ask him about Jumbo Nut peanut butter's offer to provide teams with free PBJs and milk. Or how Ben Johnson persuaded the IOC, via a pretty please topped with sugar, to let him compete in both the 100-meter dash and a tag qualifier on the same day. "We're seeing an explosion of support and talent," Rection says. "There haven't been this many people lined up to spank the Germans since Nuremberg."

Red-hot and blue

After the previous day's bloody melee (37 spectators required Mercurochrome and Band-Aids), the German home crowd is considerably more subdued. "Wait until everybody is drunk," cautions one local fan. "By ze third recess, we might be vomiting on ourselves and telling forbidden Nazi jokes, ja."

It's something Coach Rection has seen before. "Back home you've got to worry about playground bullies beating you up—or, in boarding school, violating your tender heinie. Over here it's no different... except that the Germans like to videotape it."



'You do too have to be on base to call electricity, douchebag.'



Clockwise from below left: A Polish "hand-scrum" pursues Kenya's Mtumu Kongalulu; Freedonia's Rufus T. Firefly III rips the head off Italy's Livingwit Mommi; Australian fans, drunk as usual.

The coach seems never to fully exhale, watching the game intently while simultaneously scanning the bleachers for signs of unrest. "The pressure's really on," Rection says. "Once we take this, it's time to clean house."

Cleaning house, as Rection calls it, involves ITT's zero-tolerance policy toward blood doping, giant prosthetic index fingers, on-field wedgies, and other underhanded practices. In January, a certain unnamed baseball star was caught corking his banana hammock in an effort to score more Eurotrash tail. Rection benched him, even though the IOC's groupie-banging policy is quite lax. His standards are that high.

Winner takes all

With two minutes to go and the score tied at 16, the European champions want to run out the clock and force OT. But in a move of sheer desperation, Coach Rection has the speedster Sanders pull one last trick out of his bag: a spectacular 52-yard dash and dive that clips the Achilles' heel of German forward and NBA All-Star Dirk Nowitzki just before he reaches base. As his player bursts into tears, German coach Detlef Schiller storms the field like Hitler on a Jewish deli. "Electricity!" he yells at the referee. "Dammit, zebra! Dirk called electricity way before the tag! Clean your freakin' ears before I chop up your entire family!"

"I saw Dirk running around, dodging and weaving like he always does," Sanders says. "But this is prime time—and every American knows there's only one Prime Time. Me!"

The tag stands; Germany is "it," and the Teutonic juggernaut chases Sanders around the stadium. As time winds down, a colossal din rocks the house. Every one of the 18-plus American fans in attendance is shouting down the final seconds. "Six... five... four," the capacity crowd shrieks in unison. The Yanks are only up by one. Can they hold on? "Seven... six... five..."

Sorry—that's my mom; I gotta go. Dinnertime! **M**

The Franklin Mint is pleased to present:

Civil War Commemorative Plates!



Gettyburg. Stonewall Jackson's last ride. Sherman's March to the Sea. No doubt about it: The Civil War stirs profound emotions in the hearts of all Americans. Whether your heart bleeds blue or gray, the War Between the States was the true test of our entire nation, and of the glory and courage of individual men. Now you can honor those brave, fallen Americans who gave their last, full measure for the future of our country. For the first time, the grandeur of the Civil War is captured the way God intended: on the surface of beautifully rendered ceramic plates (not safe for food consumption). To order, march to www.historicalplates.com.

Plate #1: "The Surgeons"

When the dying are piling up faster than you can stack 'em, there's no time for sutures and anesthesia. Armed with state-of-the-art medical devices such as "hacksaws," "biting sticks," and "dirty rags," these brave souls learned to chop now and diagnose later. Lose that leg, staple that gut, and pop in your new wooden eyes, private!



Plate #2: "General Ulysses S. Grant"

With the Union becoming desperate for military victories, President Lincoln turned to the one man who possessed nerves of steel, profound vision, and the kind of courage you can only find at the bottom of a whiskey bottle: General Ulysses S. Grant. No one was more adept at leading his troops to victory...as long as you pointed his horse in the right direction.

For God's sake, yes—sign me up!

Yes! Please sign me up to receive a plate a month for the rest of my natural life at the low, low rate of \$49.95 per month, not including shipping and "idiot tax."

Mr. Mrs. Ms.

Address

City

State

Zip

Signature

*To stop receiving Civil War Commemorative Plates, simply send a letter of cancellation to our address. Letter must be handwritten in medieval gold leaf on parchment paper, and must include a chess problem Big Blue can't solve, an autographed copy of the Bible, and another \$49.95.

└ All the Entertainment You Need to Escape Reality

HOT ZONE

On the other shoulder is one frightened angel

> EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LUCIFER

UNLEASH HELL

Think comic book heroes are wimpy? Meet Hellboy.

When you're a superhero who calls the boiling depths of hell home, the word *badass* just doesn't begin to cut it. *Hellboy*—based on the darkly funny comic book created by Mike Mignola about a

demon baby summoned to Earth by Nazis but intercepted and raised for good by American and British soldiers—is a bizarre mix of monster movie, high-octane action flick, and tongue-in-cheek comedy that has “cult classic” stamped all over it. Yes, it's weird, but star Ron Perlman is hoping it pleases hard-core fans and average moviegoers alike. “It's important to us to satiate the fan base,” says Perlman, who

wields Hellboy's rock fist and big-ass gun. “But it's also important to make a big fat hit movie. Hopefully, if we do a good job on one, we'll achieve the other.” And, Satan willing, they'll score a big-time franchise and some jealousy in the process. “If I get this right,” muses Perlman, “there's going to be a million guys who wish they got to play Hellboy. But hopefully I'll be around for *Hellboy 2*.” —Eric Alt





MAXIM
MOVIE
OF THE
MONTH
ゆかかき

> WHAT'S FUN THIS MONTH

MAIN EVENTS

APRIL 1

■ Today is April Fools' Day! But remember, pranks are a lot funnier when no one's expecting them. It's all in the timing.



APRIL 2

■ The new flick *Mean Girls*, written by *Saturday Night Live* fake-news coanchor Tina Fey, opens nationwide today. We hear Horatio Sanz is frantically working on *Pathetically Unfunny Guys* as we speak...

APRIL 4



■ Baseball is back! Catch a Red Sox fan while there's still hope in his eyes—it's adorable.

APRIL 6

■ *The Pink Panther Film Collection* arrives in a six-disc DVD set today. (Vaguely homoerotic Chinese man-servant/sparring partner sold separately.)



APRIL 9

■ What would happen if Buford Pusser ditched the Pabst and started drinking protein shakes? He might end up looking like *The Rock*. Hence... the remake of *Walking Tall*.

APRIL 16

■ Marvel Comics' gun-toting vigilante the Punisher returns to the big screen today. Go call Dolph Lundgren and rub it in.



APRIL 18

■ "You want the 'toons? You can't handle the 'toons!" A brand-new season of *Harvey Birdman, Attorney at Law* legal action swears in on the Cartoon Network's Adult Swim at 11 P.M. tonight.

APRIL 20



■ According to scientists, the sun should finally consume the Earth in a fiery blaze at 4:17 P.M. EDT today.

APRIL 23

■ *Without a Paddle*, about some dudes (Matthew Lillard, Seth Green, and *Punk'd*'s Dax Shepard) looking for infamous hijacker D.B. Cooper's missing loot, opens today.

APRIL 25

■ You're a drunk, you're tone-deaf, and you love inflicting pain on large groups of people. Luckily, National Karaoke Week kicks off today.



APRIL 26

■ Be careful: Hug an Australian Day can easily become *Get Punched* by an Australian Day, mate.



APRIL 30

■ Today is National Honesty Day. We're going to ponder that while we steer our limited-edition Ferraris with our 14-inch penises.

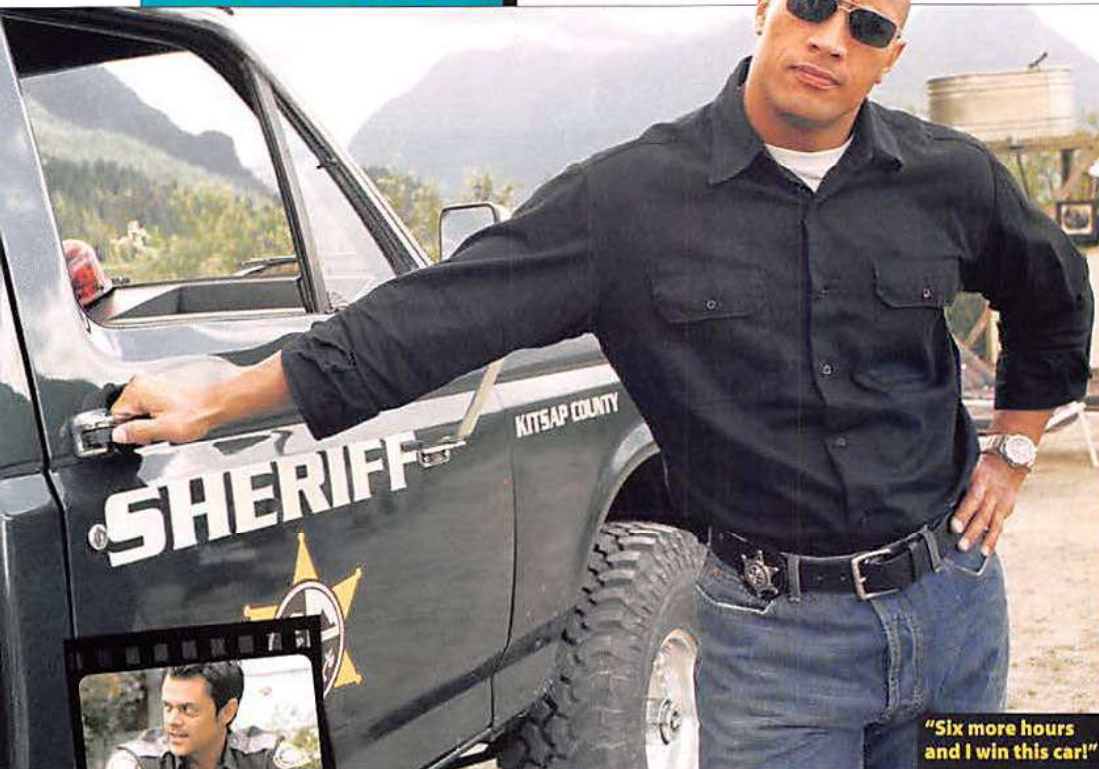


THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Get more movie reviews and features at maximonline.com.



GET THIS!

> *Hellboy* creator Mike Mignola was a prop designer for *Blade II*, also directed by Guillermo del Toro.



"Six more hours and I win this car!"

> MAIN ATTRACTION

WALKING TALL

The Rock beats paper, scissors, crooks.

Out: April 9 **Director:** Kevin Bray

Stars: Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, Johnny Knoxville, Ashley Scott

The story: We're keeping an open mind about this remake of the Joe Don Baker revenge classic. The Rock is Chris Vaughn (not Buford Pusser), a soldier returning home to right wrongs and crack skulls.

The buzz: The Rock continues his climb to the top (Vin who?) with what looks to be a blast. Wanna bet he and Knoxville did their own stunts?

We're guessing: ★★★★★



GET THIS!

> The Rock actually has a degree in criminology and planned to become a Secret Service agent.

RATINGS:

JOHN BELUSHI
★★★★★

JOHN CANDY
★★★★★

DOM DELUISE
★★★★★

CHRIS FARLEY
★★★★★

HORATIO SANZ
★★★★★

> ALSO PLAYING



DAWN OF THE DEAD

Out: March 19 **Director:** Zack Snyder
Another classic horror flick remake, this one "improves" the original's shambling undead with zombie sprinters à la *28 Days Later*.

We're guessing: ★★★★★



SCOOBY-DOO 2: MONSTERS UNLEASHED

Out: March 26 **Director:** Raja Gosnell
We find it hard to believe that anyone—save Matthew Lillard's agent—wants another round of this CGI shiftest, but here it is!

We're guessing: ★★★★★



THE WHOLE TEN YARDS

Out: April 9 **Director:** Howard Deutch
Bruce Willis, Matthew Perry, and Amanda Peet recycle the hitman/dentistry shtick that barely worked last time. We'll take a root canal instead.

We're guessing: ★★★★★



SHAOLIN SOCCER

Out: March 26 **Director:** Stephen Chow
Already a cult hit in Asia, *Soccer* is a batshit kung fu/sports/musical comedy. Even weirder than it sounds, and then some.

We're guessing: ★★★★★

> DON'T MISS



"Well, I declare! That's good spermalade."

THE LADYKILLERS

Tom Hanks kicks it dirty south style for the Coen brothers.

Out: March 26

Directors: Joel and Ethan Coen

Stars: Tom Hanks, Marlon Wayans, Irma P. Hall

The story: A remake of the 1955 comedy that starred comedy legends Alec Guinness and Peter Sellers, *The Ladykillers* features Hanks as a Colonel Sanders-esque Southern gentleman who rents the basement of an elderly woman's house as a base of operations for a scheme to rob a casino riverboat. When she discovers their plot, Hanks and his ne'er-do-well accomplices try to silence her for good... Hilarity ensues.

The buzz: Tom Hanks in a Coen brothers movie? That sells it for us. The Coens are like pizza—even at their worst they're better than everyone else—and this is a welcome return to goofiness for Hanks.

We're guessing: ★★★★★

HORROR SHOW

> *Home on the Range:* Cuba Gooding Jr. continues his free fall.

IT'S REALLY PRETTY SIMPLE. YOU'RE BORN AND YOU MAKE

SOME FRIENDS. YOU GET A JOB, AND YOU MAKE MORE

FRIENDS. PRETTY SOON, YOU AND ALL THESE FRIENDS GET

TOGETHER TO HAVE A GOOD TIME OVER A GREAT BEER. HERE

IS THE GOOD NEWS, THAT'S WHY WE MAKE BUD LIGHT.

It's All Here.



Thomas Jane played Mickey Mantle in the HBO movie *61'*.

The badass Knights Templar apron was black with a skull and crossbones.

The Punisher first shot up the pages of *Amazing Spider-Man* #129.

"We'll see if they screw up my Egg McMuffin this time."

> LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

CRIME AND PUNISHER

We hunker down on the set of *The Punisher* and live to talk about it.

We learned a valuable lesson on the bullet-riddled set of *The Punisher*: When the entire crew put their fingers in their ears, do likewise. Shaking off the effects of a shotgun blast, we take stock of our surroundings: a swanky office—the type favored by Mob bosses—riddled with more bullets than Tony Montana. *The Punisher* is Marvel Comics' latest hero to go big time (actually for the second time, if you count the 1989 Dolph Lundgren adaptation), but don't expect colorful costumes or superpowers. The Punisher, a.k.a. Frank Castle, is the comic book equivalent of Charles Bronson: a government-trained killer unhinged by the murder of his family at the hands of crime lord Howard Saint and out for revenge on any criminal he can get a bead on. "I've never been a superhero guy," admits Thomas Jane, the man who trained with Navy SEALs in order to fill out the Punisher's skull-

emblazoned threads. "But the Punisher's a maverick. He kills people. Guys like Daredevil and Spider-Man all want to take him in. They don't believe in his brand of justice. But criminals killed his family. They deserve it." John Travolta might not agree, seeing as he's playing cold-blooded family killer Saint. "This'll be my fifth villain," Travolta explains, taking a breather from ducking gunfire. "This guy's icy. He allows the magnitude of his crimes to speak for him." By all accounts the movie is more '70s action flick than CGI comic book... but will that satisfy the fan-boys? "They're a hard crowd to please," Jane admits, chain-smoking his third cigarette. "But we made it as violent and gritty as we could. I'm happy with it. I love Frank Castle." —Eric Alt



> FRESH POOP

Rumor has it there's a third *Star Wars* prequel in the works.

Information is sketchy, but it has something to do with lightsabers... Unnamed sources are saying that a high-powered studio is looking to make a raunchy teen comedy in which a nubile young actress will allegedly expose her breasts... **Vin Diesel** is set to star as a bald, beefy thug with a nice-guy streak in a movie with lots of mumbled dialogue... Word is

this summer will feature several big-budget, special-effects-laden blockbusters...

Spoiler warning! **M. Night Shyamalan's** next movie is believed to contain a surprise twist ending of some sort.



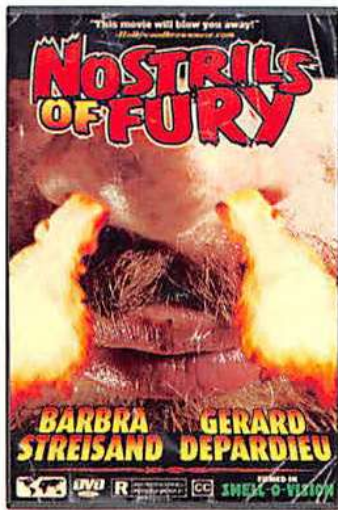
GET THIS!

> The longest movie ever made is *The Cure for Insomnia* (1987), which clocks in at 85 hours.

> ENTITLEMENT

NAMES FOR RENT

We're too lazy to make an action film, but we can make up titles!



- Nostrils of Fury
- Kill the Dead
- Vengeance Smells Good
- Death to Bastards
- Fists of Pain
- Villains Must Die!
- Late for Death
- Fight for Battle
- Eat Smoking Vengeance
- Explosive War 3-D
- Make Time for Fury
- Skilled in Death
- Steel Ruckus
- Earful of Pain
- Above the Law, Below Revenge
- Death, Ultimately
- Slap Happy
- Shouting Bullets
- The Claims Adjuster
- Bottled Justice
- Secret Asian Man
- Babbling While Killing
- Left, Right, Up, Down, Kick, Kick, Punch



FOR A GREAT BEER TO BE A GREAT BEER, IT'S GOT TO HAVE THE COMPLETE PACKAGE.

IT'S GOT TO BE BREWED AND DELIVERED **FRESH.**

IT'S GOT TO BE **SMOOTH** THANKS TO THE HIGHEST QUALITY INGREDIENTS.

AND IT'S GOT TO HAVE **REAL** BEER TASTE THAT'S NEVER WATERED DOWN.

TRULY GREAT LIGHT BEER DOESN'T HAVE JUST ONE THING. IT HAS IT ALL.

It's All Here.





> MUST SEE

KILL BILL VOL. 1

Release date: April 13

Need to get caught up on Vol. 1 before Vol. 2 hits theaters? Well, um, Uma Thurman gets this sword, see, and kills a lot of people. Like, buttloads of people. If that's not enough to satisfy you, then get your hands on this DVD. But be warned—you'll probably find yourself shelling out for another copy a few months down the road. This DVD is bare bones, with very little on it apart from the movie itself. Those who haven't seen *Kill Bill* yet won't mind at all, but fans will probably want to wait for the half dozen extended, super-special editions

sure to follow once *Volume 2* ends its theatrical run. But, hey, it's not like your library can ever have too much bloody swordplay.

Extra! Like we said, bare fucking bones. One measly "making of" featurette does not do this thing justice. Curse you, shameless money-grubbing marketing ploy!

Trivia: The Deadly Viper Assassination Squad (Bill's band of killers) was inspired by the fictional *Fox Force Five* TV pilot discussed by Uma and John Travolta over milk shakes in *Pulp Fiction*.

Movie: ★★★★★

Special features: ☆★★★★



DVD VAULT

> BRAD PITT

No, not *that* Brad Pitt. Brad Pitt, an oil refinery operator from Many, Louisiana, gives us his three favorite DVDs.

1. 8 Seconds (1994)

"That bull-ridin' movie that came out a while back with Luke Perry. He falls in love with some barrel racer. It made me want to ride a bull, I know that. I really like bull ridin'."

2. The Best of Buckmasters (2002)

"It's about huntin'. It shows real hunts. They go all over the place and get big deer. It's hard to describe, but these guys are the best."

3. Friday After Next (2002)

"It's just a funny movie. I liked it. They got this little guy on there who's supposed to be a pimp or something. He's funny, but I forgot his name."



You do not talk about fan club!

Streaming video



> WORTH WATCHING

THE RUNDOWN

Release date: March 23

If *The Scorpion King* was The Rock's Conan the Barbarian, then *The Rundown* might be a leap ahead to his *True Lies*. Funny and loaded with action, it's a solid outing all around, with The Rock handling leading ass-kicker duties and Christopher Walken out-crazing even himself. Seriously—buy this DVD for his "tooth fairy" speech alone.

Extra! The "Amazon, Hawaii Style" feature discusses how the whole production moved to the islands after director Peter Berg was robbed scouting locations in Brazil.

Trivia: In the opening scene, The Rock uses a signature move from his wrasslin' days called "The Rock Bottom."

Movie: ★★★★★

Special features: ★★★★★



> ALSO OUT

TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE (March 30)

Get the two-disc collector's edition of this decent remake and score a meat-locker-ful of cool stuff like deleted scenes and a documentary on real-life inspiration Ed Gein.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

THE RUNNING MAN: SPECIAL EDITION (March 16)

This '80s classic not only serves as a "before its time" send-up of reality TV (covered in the all-new bonus material), it features thrilling governor vs. governor action!

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

SHATTERED GLASS (March 23)

The story of Stephen Glass, a pre-Jayson Blair writer who got busted for making up stories for *The New Republic*, is riveting, but the DVD has limited extras.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

BROTHER BEAR (March 30)

Disney musicals are as compelling as baby-sitting your sister's kids, but Bob and Doug McKenzie reunite (sorta) as moose!

Maxim rating: ★★☆☆☆

OF **ALL** THE COMPLIMENTS YOU CAN PAY A WOMAN, NOTHING GOES OVER
BETTER THAN A COMMENT ABOUT HER **NATURAL** BEAUTY. WOMEN TOTALLY
DIG THAT. AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, SAY SOMETHING ABOUT HER EFFERVESCENT PERSONALITY.
THEN, LIKE THE FRESH, SMOOTH, REAL BEER TASTE OF BUD LIGHT, YOU'VE GOT ALL
THE **INGREDIENTS** FOR AN UNBELIEVABLE EVENING.

It's All Here.





> 'In Afghanistan, I would have been stoned for this shoot. In Amsterdam too!'

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name:

Oslamma Mihrda

Better known as:

The burka babe in those Al Qaeda training videos.

Her story: As a young girl without the right to education in Kandahar, Afghanistan, Oslamma got her big break by catching the one good eye of Taliban leader Mullah Mohammed Omar. "Omar was the father figure I no longer had, since he executed my birth father for stealing bread," explains Oslamma. She was later introduced to a young director named Osama bin Laden and within months found herself cast in the Al Qaeda production *Die, Yankee Devils, Die!* in the coveted role of Woman in Black. "The U.N. sanctions my country, so my people starve," giggles the curvaceous (maybe) starlet in broken English. "But they cannot sanction my talent." Consider us shocked and awed!



GET THIS!

> Burka can also be spelled **burkha**.

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Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

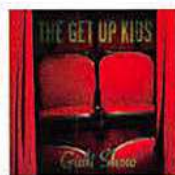
MAXIM
ALBUM
OF THE
MONTH
★★★★



> ALBUM OF THE MONTH

THE GET UP KIDS

Guilt Show (Vagrant)



Whether you call it emo, post-punk, or music for pimple-poppers, don't dismiss the Get Up Kids' earnest, lovelorn rock just yet. Whether bashing through a 90-second power-pop sprint like "Man of Conviction" or dragging the Cure through the Midwest on "Sympathy,"

the Kansas City quintet get a lot of things right on their new record. In fact, *Guilt Show's* first half is nearly flawless: a flurry of unshakable guitar riffs and E Street-worthy piano banging highlighted by singer Matthew Pryor's strained, passionate vocals. The tunes drag a little on the second half, particularly the Weezer-ish "Dark Night of the Soul," which is about as painfully overwrought as its Poetry 101 title suggests. Unlike many of their soppy emo compadres, however, the Kids rarely let their heartbreak drown their flair. Their "woe is me" is at least consistently delivered amid a hook-filled frenzy of guitars, making *Guilt Show* a guilt-free indulgence. —David Peisner

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

LIKE THIS? TRY THESE



Superchunk
Foolish (Merge, 1994)



Jets to Brazil
Orange Rhyming Dictionary (Jade Tree, 1998)

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE



GET THIS!

> The band Blondie was originally known as Angel and the Snakes.



BLONDIE

The Curse of Blondie
(Sanctuary)
Two albums into their latter-day resurrection, Blondie want to prove they can still surprise and reinvent. On their latest outing, they try their hands at rap, dub reggae, New Agey industrial folk, and classic torch songs, but they're still at their best when they dial up the stylish dance pop of their glory years. What the hell...reinvention is overrated anyway. —D.P.



ALANIS MORISSETTE

So-Called Chaos
(Maverick)
We don't expect much from Alanis. All we ask is that she deliver catchy enough melodies to make her self-obsessed psycho-babble slightly more tolerable. Does *Chaos* do the job? Well, sometimes. The title track is serviceably funky, but eventually the album begins sounding like the inner monologue of your college girlfriend—fairly intelligent but totally insane. —D.P.



THE VINES

Winning Days
(Capitol)
Want a lesson in avoiding one-hit-wonder status? Keep lookin'. The Vines' 2002 hit "Get Free" was a Nirvana retread, but anyone who denies its vigor is a liar. However, on their sophomore effort, they pile on the influences without adding a thing. Nirvana, Oasis, Jane's Addiction—good starting points, but the Vines haven't a clue where to go from there. This is the sound of wasted opportunity. —D.P.



GHOSTFACE KILLAH

The Pretty Toney Album
(Def Jam)
A decade ago, Wu-Tang Clan member Ghostface Killah took off his bandanna to finally reveal his identity. Now he's revealing his soul. Between rat-a-tat raps like "Beat the Clock" and "Run," Killah gets spiritual on the hymnlike "Love." But the spirit hasn't dulled his edge. "God is my bodyguard, nigga," he claims. How's that for a posse, Diddy? —Dan Catalano



THE BAD PLUS

Give
(Columbia)
Why the hell are we reviewing a jazz album? Because the Bad Plus are valiantly trying to yank jazz instrumentals out of the dentist's office and put 'em back on your stereo. On their second album, the piano-bass-drums trio offset the aimless meandering of jazz with a willingness to rock out. Covers of the Pixies and Black Sabbath are just the thing to draw in the jazzphobic out there. Kenny G may have ruined jazz's image, but let's give props to the guys fighting to get it back. —D.P.

RATINGS:

JANET
★★★★★

JERMAINE
★★★★★

LATOYA
★★★★★

TITO
★★★★★

MICHAEL
★★★★★

ON THE MAXIM BOOMBOX

Appliance Are You Earthed? (Mute, 2003)	Music A.M. A Heart & Two Stars (Quatermass, 2004)
NOFX The War on Errorism (Fat Wreck Chords, 2003)	Sludgeworth Losers of the Year (Lookout, 1995)

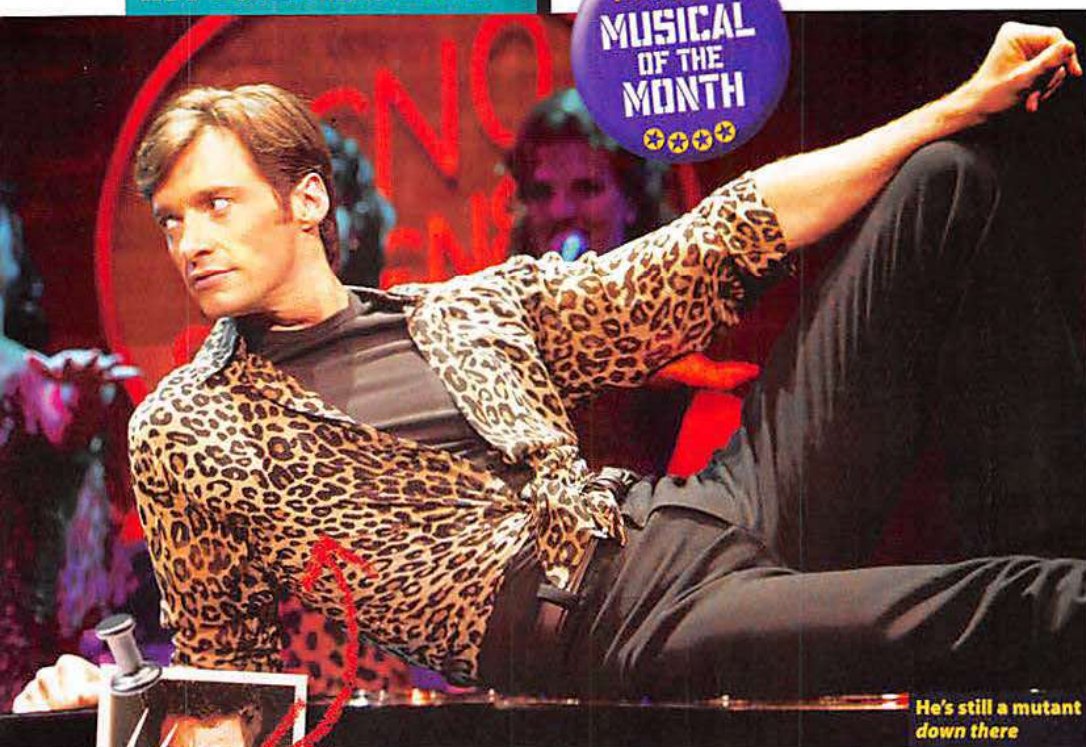
GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS



UNDER 21. AND BARELY LEGAL.

DODGE SRT-4. The Dodge SRT-4 is the fastest production car under \$21,000*. It can accelerate from 0 to 60 in just 5.8 seconds. And, its race-inspired good looks will whiplash necks *outside* the vehicle. All of which gives it sick street cred. Please visit dodge.com or call 800-4ADODGE.

*Based on 0-60 mph. MSRP excludes tax. Extremely limited color shown.

MAXIM
MUSICAL
OF THE
MONTH
★★★★He's still a mutant
down there

Meow!

> A TAKE-NO-PRISONERS SENSATION!

THE BOY FROM OZ

It's Wolverine on the Great White Way!

Director: Philip William McKinley**Stars:** Hugh Jackman, Stephanie J. Block, Jarrod Emick, Beth Fowler**The story:** Alternative lifestyle legend Peter Allen is immortalized in song, dance, and alabaster pineapple hats in this musical extravaganza based on his tepid songwriting career. At this rate, can a musical set to the music of John Denver be far behind?**The buzz:** If hearing almost-classics "I Go to Rio" and "Quiet Please, There's a Lady on Stage" aren't reason enough to sashay your way to the theater, Jackman's star turn is the stuff Broadway legends are made of: equal parts grease paint, scarves, razzmatazz, and moxie!**We're guessing:** ★★★★★

GET THIS!

> Hugh Jackman really is from Oz! Meaning, of course, Australia.

RATINGS:

ETHEL MERMAN

★★★★★

LIZA MINNELLI

★★★★★

JULIE ANDREWS

★★★★★

CHITA RIVERA

★★★★★

NATHAN LANE

★★★★★

> GET ON YOUR DANCIN' SHOES, SISTER!



ASSASSINS

Director: Joe Mantello**The story:** Stephen Sondheim's musical about presidential assassins is the ultimate musical "hit"—dance, dance, bang, bang!**We're guessing:** ★★★★★

WICKED

Director: Joe Mantello**The story:** If you thought *The Wizard of Oz* wasn't fab enough, get witchy with *Wicked*. But ruby slippers don't go with gingham, girlfriend.**We're guessing:** ★★★★★

MAMMA MIA!

Director: Phyllida Lloyd**The story:** Peter Allen, Boy George, and now Abba? It's Broadway meets Lite FM: tacky, boring, and full of 30-year-old cheese.**We're guessing:** ★★★★★

AVENUE Q

Director: Jason Moore**The story:** It's like *Crank Yankers*, only without the *très gauche* prank calls. *Avenue Q*'s puppets obsess about drinking, sex, and Internet porn—like to!**We're guessing:** ★★★★★

> DON'T MISS



A head only Gallagher could love

TABOO

Boy George hits the boards and whips out his karma chameleon!

Director: Christopher Renshaw**Stars:** Evan Morton, Sarah Uriarte Berry, Jeffrey Carlson, Raul Esparza, George O'Dowd (a.k.a. Boy George)**The story:** Remember Culture Club's androgynous freakboy Boy George? Because Broadway sure as hell does! The former cross-dressing pop tidbit is back with a gaudy, over-the-top musical about the 1980s London club scene, which is just what you've always wished for, isn't it? Unfortunately, the results look like a hideous she-male clown exploded on a tiny stage. (Just like your sixth birthday party!) Produced by George Wendt—oh, sorry, that's Rosie O'Donnell—the nagging question remains: Will theatergoers really tumble 4 this?**The buzz:** Let us get this, er, straight: Boy George is in the play, but he's not playing Boy George; someone else is. That's confusing. Let's just hope audiences disagree, or this thing's gonna close pronto. What—it already did?**We're guessing:** ★★★★★



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"Do!" "Ray!"
"Me!" "Fa!"

> GAME ON!

FULL SPECTRUM WARRIOR

THQ [●]

A lot of war games boast impressive graphics and revolutionary game play (see right), but *Full Spectrum Warrior* is the only one that can brag about being based on the same tactical simulator the Army uses to train its light infantry. This is, hands-down, the most realistic combat experience you'll get without having to pick shrapnel out of your ass. You control a squad dropped by helicopter into a hostile urban environment where quick thinking and genuine Army lingo are used to lead your guys through bombed-out buildings and eerily deserted streets (or are they?). Sorry, but failure ain't an option, soldier. —Alex Porter

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



CHEATS

■ NBA Live 2004

[●] Want to unlock the "super stadium," loaded with nude spectators? Hold down A, B, X, Y, black, white, start, left trigger, right trigger, and the power button on your Xbox at any point during the game.

■ Viewtiful Joe

[●] To open "God mode," just hold down the right trigger and shout "Praise Jesus" 50 or 60 times.

■ Grand Theft Auto: Vice City

[●] For a slew of space-age vehicles and weapons, stand on one foot, draw a pentagram on the floor, hit circle, circle, square, triangle, X, L1, L2, R1, R2 with your left hand only, light a candle, crack a window, and smile.



SHOWDOWN: LEGENDS OF WRESTLING

Acclaim [●●●]

Long to see Andre the Giant and Bam Bam Bigelow take on Jake "the Snake" Roberts and the Iron Sheik? It can't happen... or can it? With more than 70 of the ring's greatest all-time warriors, including "the American Dream" Dusty Rhodes and even Andy friggin' Kaufman, *Showdown* is the most fun you can have with your tights on. —John Walsh

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



BATTLEFIELD VIETNAM

EA [●]

Sure, games based on World War II are great, but what about the poor schmoe who slugged it out in the protracted shit of Nam? Looks like they can inspire their own cool games just fine. What sets *Battlefield* apart is that you can pilot choppers and tanks to a cool '60s soundtrack. And you can even cue up "Ride of the Valkyries" for that air cavalry attack. Sure smells like victory to us. —A.P.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

GAME KEY:

XBOX

PS2

GAMECUBE

PC

> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN



MVP BASEBALL 2004 EA [●●●●●]

Exhume legends from Jackie Robinson to Ty Cobb or tear up the minors with Class AA and Class AAA farm teams. Nothing satisfies like spanking the Toledo Mud Hens.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



RESIDENT EVIL OUTBREAK Capcom [●]

Now you can play in online teams to stave off flesh-eating zombies... until you turn into one yourself; then it's open season on the living. A nice twist to a solid franchise.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



SEVEN SAMURAI 20XX Sammy Studios [●]

How do you make a video game of a classic movie like *The Seven Samurai* and preserve the film's authenticity? Set it in the future and let gamers hack werewolves to ribbons, of course.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



QUEER EYE FOR THE STRAIGHT GUY: THE GAME Fabulous [●]

Play as the "Fab Five" in this straight guy modification simulator. Too bad muddy graphics spoil the fun—you call that fuchsia?

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

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> TOME RAIDERS



COLORFUL MARKIE

By Lisa Frank (Dalmatian Press, \$4.50)

If you can't tell that *Colorful Markie* is the most innovative tome on the equine art scene, take a closer look. The unconventional black background says it all: *Markie's* unforgiving canvas makes the slightest crayon misstep as glaring as a VD sore on a cardinal. The true genius of this book, however, is in its denouement, a dramatic scene in which Markie is surrounded by clouds and stars. It reminds us that, at heart, we're all surrounded by clouds and stars. —John Walsh
Maxim rating: ★★★★★



HIGH STEEL

By Jim Rasenberger (HarperCollins, \$27)

If you've ever wondered—from the safety of your ass-cushioning ergonomic chair—what real men do for a living, *High Steel* will show you. In a dizzying look at a world hundreds of feet above New York's mean streets, Rasenberger recounts the heroic labor of the ironworkers who built legendary skyscrapers like the Empire State Building and the Twin Towers, foot by treacherous foot. His portraits of men who risked—and suffered—grave injuries (a leg shattered by a steel beam, fatal 30-story falls) will make you appreciate your cushy desk job. —Marcy Smith
Maxim rating: ★★★★★

> THE FINE PRINT

PONZI: THE INCREDIBLE TRUE STORY OF THE KING OF FINANCIAL CONS

By Donald Dunn (Broadway Books, \$14)
In 1919, Charles Ponzi invented the pyramid scheme and struck it rich—until he ran out of cash to cover his promises. Pass along your copy to 10 friends, then... oh, forget it.

★★★★★

A SIMPLE TWIST OF FATE

By Andy Gill and Kevin Odegard (Da Capo Press, \$25)
A rock writer and a musician recount the story of Bob Dylan's life during the recording of one of his most enduring albums, *Blood on the Tracks*. A must for Dylan fans, but fun for the rest of us to mumble along with, too.

★★★★★

CODEx

By Lev Grossman (Harcourt, \$24)
A hotshot banker trying to locate a mysterious medieval manuscript finds clues inside a bizarre virtual reality video game that helps him eventually unravel the legend behind the ancient document. Um, right. Confusing? Maybe. But you can't say it ain't original.

★★★☆☆

THE FINISHING SCHOOL

By Dick Couch (Crown, \$25)
Made it through Navy SEAL basic training? Congratulations. You've earned a ticket to Qualification Training, where the Navy finds out how big your balls really are. Just reading about what this involves made us want to call our mommies.

★★★★★

▼ MUST BUY!



GET THIS!

> Bill Clinton was paid the largest-ever advance for a nonfiction book: \$10 million.



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stir the senses





WE WANT ANSWERS!

THE ROCK

Sly's in decline, Jean-Claude's a joke, and Arnold's got himself a desk job. Meet the man who's picking up the action slack. He's The Rock, the people's movie star.

EAT THIS

THE ROCK'S WHISKEY BISCUIT OMELET



INGREDIENTS:

10 EGG WHITES
1 WHOLE EGG
1 CHICKEN BREAST
FETA CHEESE
SLICED ONION
SALT
PEPPER

INSTRUCTIONS:

"Cut the chicken into cubes and then grill it. Then mix together the eggs, the chicken, the onion (after it's been sliced), salt, and pepper, and put them in the pan on medium high—but use Pam, not butter. Let the whole thing cook a bit, then add the feta cheese for taste. I usually let it cook a little while, but I'm the consummate chef. [laughs] Other people, you know, might do it a little bit differently."

So what should we call you? Mr. Rock? The? Dwayne Johnson? Sir?

Big Daddy.

How often do people make jokes about your Johnson being a Rock?

Pretty often. And then they ask for proof.

Whoa, slow down. You were always asking people if they could smell what you were cooking. Can you actually cook? I am the worst cook. But I can make a hell of an omelet. [See sidebar.]

So where did that line come from?

I was doing an interview with, of all people, Gennifer Flowers. She was asking me about some court case going on at that time, and I said to her, "If I was the judge and the jury, nine times out of 10 it would be a hung jury... if you smell what The Rock is cooking." I have no idea where it came from.

Your father and grandfather were professional wrestlers. Is your two-year-old daughter ready to accept her destiny?

We had a very philosophical conversation about that the other day, and I asked her, "How do you feel, knowing that you're going to get in the entertainment field one day?" And she so eloquently said, "Daddy, poo-poo."

Have you taught her any moves yet?

The only move she knows is to point at something she wants. And my move is to say, "OK," then act tough in front of everybody else.

You're starring in the remake of *Walking Tall*. Were you a fan of the original?

That was the main reason I did it. *Walking Tall* is one of my favorite movies, no bullshit. The idea of taking the law into your own hands is something that's always appealed to me. But I was arrested seven times before I was 18, so there were people who probably wanted to take the law into their own hands with me.

Were you worried about filling Joe Don Baker's beer gut?

I wasn't, because I don't drink beer. I drink whiskey. Although I do know a lot of fat-ass whiskey drinkers. And the men are worse.

Ever hurt anyone making a movie?

Yeah. In *The Scorpion King*, the tip of my elbow caught Michael Clarke Duncan in the jaw and knocked him down. And in *The Rundown* I put a three-inch gash into Seann William Scott's forearm. But he asked for it. I told him I wanted a ham sandwich with no cheese, and he brought me one with cheese. I don't bullshit around when it comes to food.

Who in Hollywood would you most like to go toe-to-toe with on-screen?

Russell Crowe, hands-down. He's an amazing actor, a good guy, and he can whup ass when he has to.

Have you ever used a wrestling move during a romantic moment?

Hell, yeah! How do you think I mastered the sleeper hold?

How do wrestling fans compare to fans of other sports?

Wrestling fans are unbelievably vocal and loyal, which is the part I always loved about wrestling. It wasn't necessarily whuppin' someone's candy ass in the ring, but the connection you get with the fans.

What's the best and worst reaction you've ever gotten from them?

When I was wrestling, the best reaction was when 60,000 people in the Houston Astrodome during Wrestlemania went absolutely crazy. The opposite of that was my first match. It was in Corpus Christi, Texas, and when I was introduced there was this moment when everyone was quiet, and I heard one fan yell, "You fucking suck!"

You went to a party school, the University of Miami. What's your best drinking story?

One night me and two of my boys decided to squeeze our big asses into a closet while our other roommate was doing the horizontal hula with his girl, and, at the perfect time, we came barreling out of there. She was so pissed that, as we were running away, she threw a beer bottle that hit my friend in the

back of the head and knocked him out. But me and the other guy kept running.

On *SNL*, you did a skit as Superman. Have you been approached for the movie?

The question did start to arise after they saw it, but I think it would be hard to pull off a half-Samoan, half-black Clark Kent.

There's also been talk about you taking over for Arnie as the Terminator.

There was, and there was talk about the *Predator* franchise. But because they're franchises, I would never touch them. Arnold's a good friend of mine, and he built those movies. I'd rather build my own.

In *The Rundown* he had a cameo that some saw as his passing the torch to you. Did you see it that way?

I didn't see it like that at all until someone else pointed that out. I was just happy that he agreed to do it. He came over to have lunch one day, and the director, Peter Berg, asked him if he wanted to be in the movie. It was only when the movie was released that anyone pointed it out. Though when the press went to him, Arnold said, "That's exactly what I was going for."

One of your next movies, *Spy Hunter*, is based on a video game. Ever played it?

Yeah, it was one of my favorite games on ColecoVision. That, *Donkey Kong*, and *Rocky*. I used to play the wrestling games all the time as well, but I don't play much anymore, because I keep getting my ass kicked by the computer. When you get your ass kicked in a wrestling game and you're playing as yourself, it's tough on the ego.

What would people be surprised to know about you?

Aside from the corduroy G-strings I wear backward? No, the truth is that people who know me know I'm a sensitive guy. I always put the toilet seat back down.



Interview by Paul Semel.
Walking Tall speaks softly and carries a big-ass 2x4 on April 9.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAD HINES FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS

> 'I was introduced and there was this moment when everyone was quiet. Then one fan yelled, "You suck!"'





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLY CAMDEN

PARIS HILTON



You've seen her pose for paparazzi, work an udder down on the farm, and prove that night vision ain't just for Special Ops anymore—now here are the 10 reasons Paris Hilton should keep a bible in her room.

HOTEL SWEET



A close-up photograph of Paris Hilton. She has blonde hair with bangs and is smiling broadly, showing a red cherry in her mouth. She is wearing a black choker with a pink and black patterned bow. Her right arm is extended, holding a glass of red wine. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly pink, feathered garment. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some outdoor furniture like a wooden chair.

Paris and her
younger sister,
Nicky, are
expected to
inherit \$28
million each.



1 Paris' lineage is as impressive as her looks: Her great-grandfather was hotel magnate Conrad Hilton, who founded the \$5.2 billion hotel empire and was once married to feisty, police-assaulting diva Zsa Zsa Gabor. Her granduncle was Conrad "Nicky" Hilton, who avoided sloppy seconds, thirds, fourths—you get the picture—by being the leadoff hitter among Elizabeth Taylor's husbands.

2 Paris and her younger sister, Nicky, are each expected to inherit \$28 million as soon as their parents kick...

3 But that's not to say she isn't making some good scratch of her own. The Hilton sisters are so insanely popular in Japan—the result of some TV commercials they've made there and a handbag design deal they have with Japan-based fashion company Samantha Thavasa—they have to travel in disguise. Combine that with her occasional movie bit parts and Paris is estimated to have already raked in about \$10 million by the time you read this.

4 Because she was already a club-scene fixture by the time she was in her mid-teens, a 17-year-old Paris spent time at a boarding school for troubled youth. *In Utah.*

5 That didn't slow her down. To celebrate her 21st birthday in grand style, Paris had five parties. Not impressed? Get this—they were in four different time zones: one each in New York, Las Vegas, London, Los Angeles, and Tokyo. Kinda makes that bottle of JD you downed on yours seem pretty uneventful, huh?

6 The debut episode of her reality show, *The Simple Life*, pulled in 13 million viewers for Fox. (Not bad, but NBC's gritty crime drama *Law and Order: Special Victims Unit* won the night with a mere 600,000 more viewers. Curse you, Mariska Hargitay!)

7 Paris appeared in the video for "It Girl," by the sadly Darryl Hall-less John Oates. Director Jed Leiber had seen Paris partying at the Whiskey Bar in the Sunset Marquis Hotel in West Hollywood, which is also where most of the video was eventually shot.

8 Tall? Sure. Stacked? You bet. Blonde? Yessir. Blue-eyed? Um... we'll have to get back to you on that one. It's rumored that the genetically blessed Paris actually wears blue-tinted contact lenses. So even if you were checking out her eyes...



Paris celebrated her 21st birthday with parties in four different time zones.

9 She don't need no education: Having left or been given the boot out of nearly every school she's attended (including posh East Coast prep schools like the Dwight School in New York City), Paris eventually settled for her GED and said to hell with school. Honestly, would you be writing term papers if you had large dollars burning a hole in your purse?

10 Those wishing to see Paris' more, *ahem*, legitimate film appearances should check out the Val Kilmer as John Holmes flick *Wonderland* (where she appears briefly as a character named, ha, Barbie), *The Cat in the Hat* alongside a hairball-gagging Mike Myers (her role is credited as "female clubgoer"), and a brief appearance in the Ben Stiller-Owen Wilson male model goof *Zoolander*. **M**



THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Maxim subscribers get more Paris at maximonline.com.

★ HOW THE PARTY STARTED RIGHT



1977 Studio 54 opens. Disco enjoys brief reign.



1969 Woodstock: the world's first-ever rave.



1854 The Grand Old Party has its first meeting.



100 s.c. Roman orgies are now all the rage.



1986 Beastie Boys fight for their, and your, right to party.




2003 Paris ditches party life, shovels cow shit. On TV.



2004 Paris in Maxim. Champagne corks pop suggestively.

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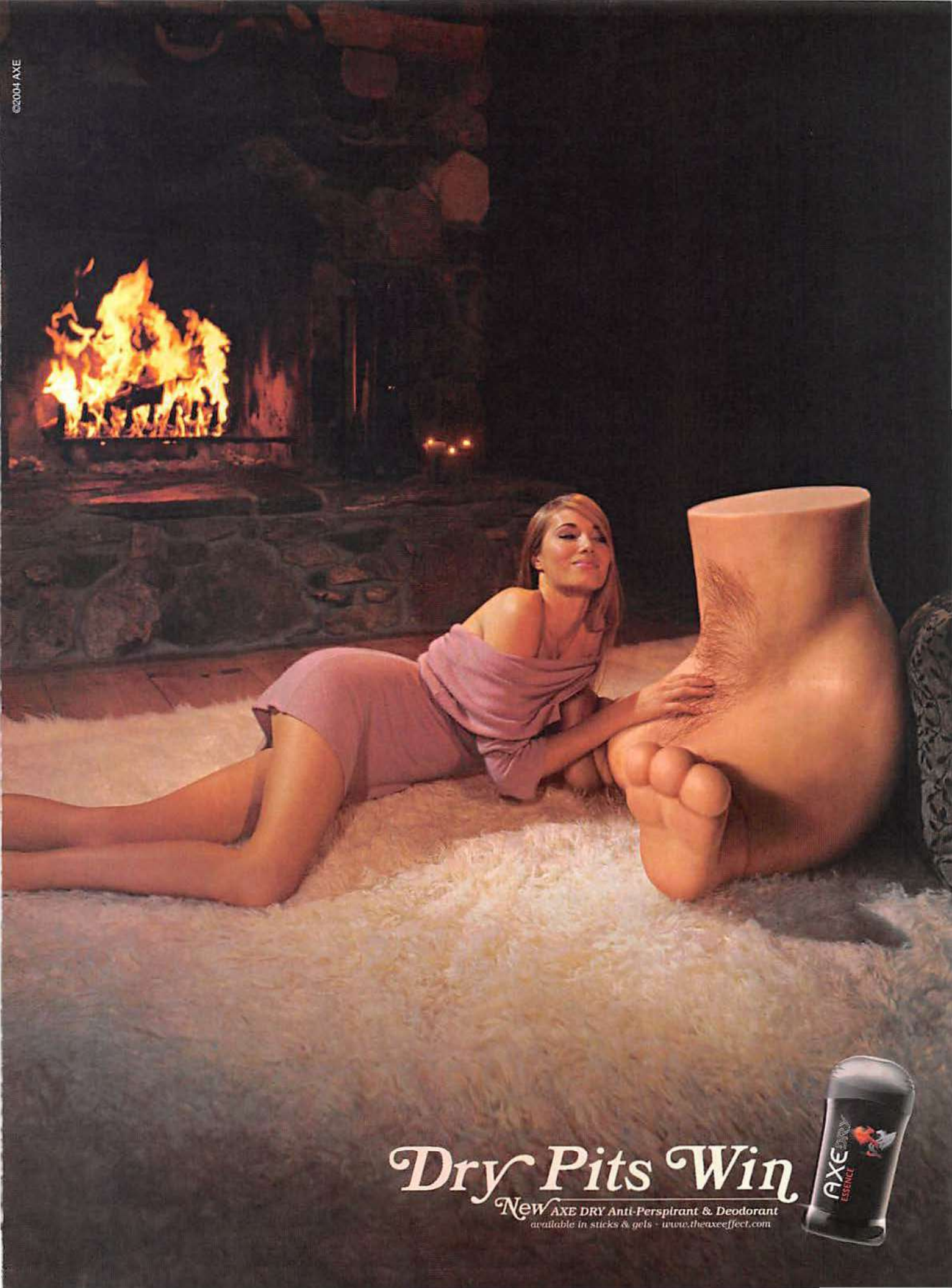
International Engine
of the Year 2003

zoom-zoom



Paris once
spent time at a
boarding school
for troubled
youth. *In Utah.*

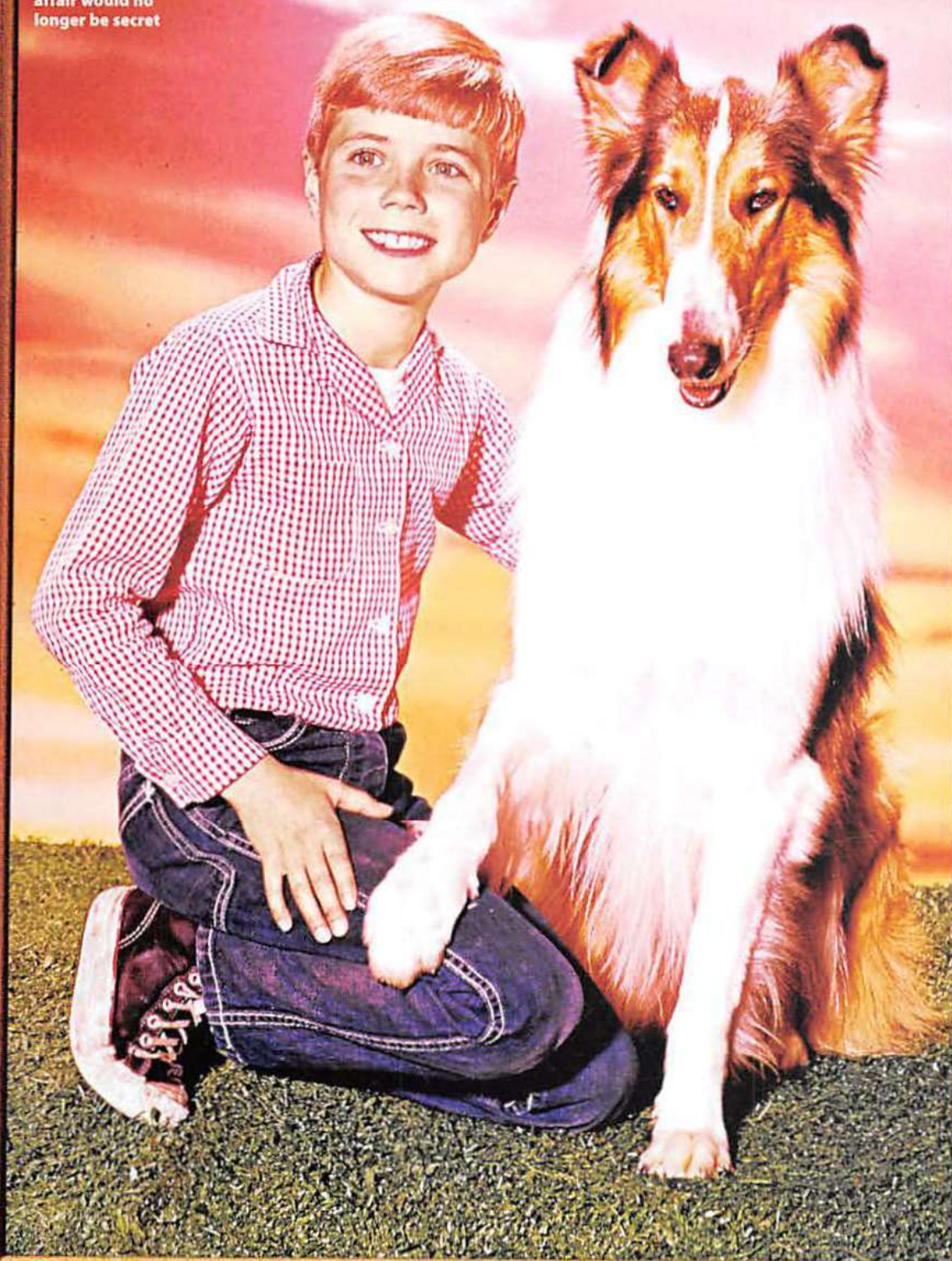




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Their off-camera
affair would no
longer be secret



THE 125 CUTEST ANIMALS OF ALL TIME

We run down the most adorably precious creatures ever to walk this undeserving Earth. Prepare to have your cockles warmed. BY JOHN DEVORE

Hi there, kiddies! Animals aren't just for dinner, you know—they're also super-duper cute fuzzy wuzzies who just love to snuggle! Can you say "snuggle"? Of course you can, and that's what makes you so special... that and the adult diapers. But no one, and we mean no one, loves those sweet little critters more than we do here at *Maxim*. Hell, we practically invented the art of gerbiling, for crying out loud. So slip into your favorite fur undies, throw a fistful of chipmunks on the fire, grab some beef jerky, and nuzzle up with our über-adorable list of the 125 cutest little buggers that make us want to squeal like itty-bitty piggy wiggles.



125. LASSIE

America's favorite TV dog starts off our list, and gosh, she's a cute bitch. Collies are so huggable it makes us wish our only childhood friend had been a dog instead of Father O'Creepfinger.

Thing that makes us go "aww": The episode when Timmy huffed glue and fell in a well, and Lassie ran home and barked directions with GPS precision.



124. BENJI

This lovable mutt, despite playing Roger Moore to Lassie's Sean Connery, is a heart-stealer even when he's doing nothing but wagging his tongue and secretly crapping behind the couch.

Thing that makes us go "aww": There's something about a little yap-yap dog at perfect punting size that makes us have seizures of glee.

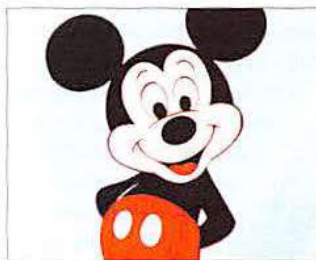


"I like my coffee like my women—bitter."

123. GARFIELD

The irascible cat who adorns the car windows of soccer moms is cute personified! When he torments Odie the Down syndrome dog, Garfield reminds us why he's our favorite overmerchandised brand name. Suck it, Snoopy!

Thing that makes us go "aww": "I hate Mondays." Ha-ha-ha! Need we say more? We think not! What a cat!



122. MICKEY MOUSE

Whether you prefer the crudely drawn original or the steely-eyed blitzkrieging corporate juggernaut he's been since the '80s, we say Mickey is a timeless classic either way. So sue us. (Kidding!) **Thing that makes us go "aww":** The sequence in *Fantasia* when Mickey openly dabbled in the black arts, pushing an entire generation of kids into the arms of the Dark Lord Satan.



121. BAMBI

A baby deer, a shy skunk, and a sassy bunny—they're like the holy trinity of preciousness. So adorable are these classic Disney ragamuffins that they make the angels in heaven puke blood.

Thing that makes us go "aww": That scene where the guys from *Buckmasters* hang, skin, and gut Bambi's mother. (We're pretty sure it's an extra on the *Bambi* DVD.)



120. THE CARE BEARS

This lovable rabble of multicolored bears sport freakish belly tattoos and are so relentlessly cute we want to jab white-hot spoons in our eyes.

Thing that makes us go "aww": That time we dropped acid and the only thing stopping us from freaking out was our girlfriend's Funshine Bear.

Oddly, we hear only the green one was gay

CUTE & A

FLIPPER

We chat with the coolest thing to wash up onshore since Pam Anderson's *Baywatch* costume.

So can we call you "Flip"?

But of course! I answer to Flip, the Flipster, Flip-man. It's gotten so that I've nearly forgotten my birth name:

Algernon Ashburner Osborne IV.

Is it true that only the lack of opposable thumbs keeps dolphins from taking over the world?

Ha! No, seriously, we're a peaceful race. We have no plans to rise up against man. I mean, sure, you guys are a bunch of easily amused sloths who would not recognize an insurrection until a year after it was completed, but

what good would it do to enslave you?

Easily amused? C'mon...

[Flipper balances brightly colored ball on nose]

Wow...

I think I've made my point. Don't underestimate our larger brains. They're 40 percent bigger, you know.

What's your best pickup trick, Flip?

I find that killing sharks gets the ladies wet. Of course, that's not all this bottle nose is good for, if you take my meaning.

Um...we're not sure we do.

[takes out ball again]

Tee-hee!



119. SNARF

What exactly is Snarf? Part cat, part lizard, part Rip Taylor? Who cares! Snarf is all cute. What Snarf doesn't know, though, is that the Thundercats only keep him around for litter box duty.

Thing that makes us go "aww": That time Snarf went into heat and humped Cheetara's leg and Lion-O was all, "Dude... get your cookie! Get your cookie!" That was awesome.



117-18. 100 OF THE 101 DALMATIANS

We're not sure what it is about dogs that grabs us by the heart *cojones*, but this gaggle of spotted cuties gets us every time. Except for that one fucker.

You know the one we mean. The one who stares... staring with accusing eyes. Stop it! STOP STARING AT US!

Thing that makes us go "aww": Blink, for the love of God! Just once!



15. THE FRIENDS MONKEY

Remember that adorably dumb, hairy little beastie that hung around David Schwimmer's neck for a few seasons? We sure do!

Thing that makes us go "aww": That episode where the monkey and Chandler argue about moving furniture around their apartment, and then the monkey gets an acting gig and blows it. We love simian failure.

"OK, one more eightball, but that's it."

118. JOHN "BLUTO" BLUTARSKY

The rowdy man-beast of the Delta House, Bluto's a filthy, tasteless, binge-drinking animal. Sure, he may not be as house-trained as a dog, but can Fido tap a keg?

Thing that makes us go "aww": When Bluto grabbed the folk singer's guitar and smashed it just because he felt like it. That kind of unprovoked drunken belligerence always reminds us of Dad.



17. OLD YELLER

No one emotionally manipulates kids like the folks at Disney, and *Old Yeller* is the godfather of "Mommy, if God loves us, why does he kill those we love?" movies. Thanks for the therapy, Walt.

Thing that makes us go "aww": Even though Old Yeller went "behind the toolshed"—which is just a fancy phrase for municipal incinerator—we still think he's the cat's meow. Sniffle.



16. BUGS BUNNY

No matter what this wisecracking, carrot-chomping, occasionally severely gender-confused hare does, we find ourselves giggling and clapping like lobotomized Elmer Fudds.

Thing that makes us go "aww": That wascally little wabbit always has enough serenity under fire to think his way out of any jam and... Man, check out that bunny's *tits*!

14. EWOKS

Sure, nerds really hate the Ewoks for being ready-made toy store teddy bears that completely ruined the concluding chapter of their favorite space opera. To that we say: Sniff our *Star Wars* sheets and weep, stupid geekazoids.

The Ewoks totally erock!

Thing that makes us go "aww": When that one little Ewok shakes his dead friend and whimpers and cries cute little Ewok tears.

Wow... even charred, mangled Ewok cadavers makes us wrinkle our noses, they're so damned cute!



"Underwear, huh? Not a bad idea."



"Does this look easy? Toss the goddamn fish!"



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fire you light them with.

Winston cigarettes are made with a blend of 100% tobacco – for a naturally smooth taste created by the earth, water and sun. A flavor unmatched by any additive.



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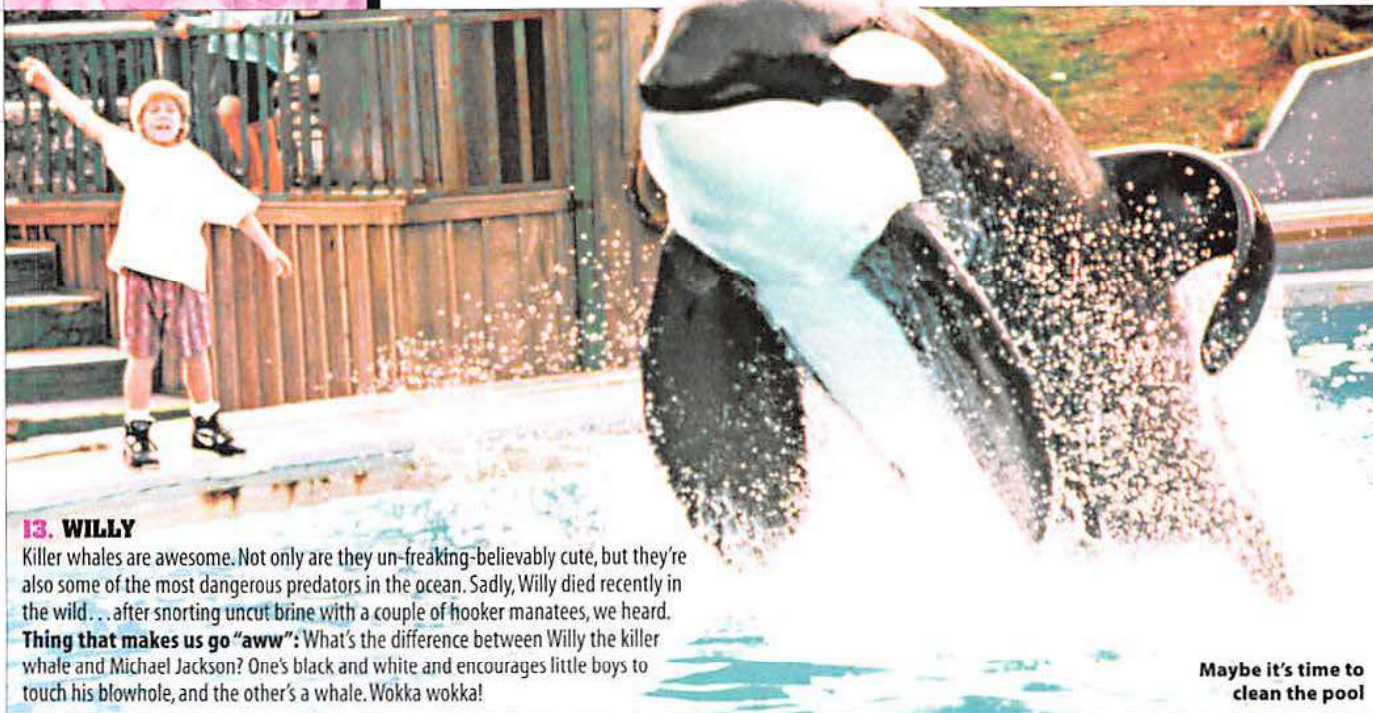
Winston
LEAVE THE BULL BEHIND

LIGHTS BOX: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
BOX: 13 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per
cigarette by FTC method. For more
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No additives in our tobacco
does **NOT** mean a safer cigarette.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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13. WILLY

Killer whales are awesome. Not only are they un-freaking-believably cute, but they're also some of the most dangerous predators in the ocean. Sadly, Willy died recently in the wild... after snorting uncut brine with a couple of hooker manatees, we heard.

Thing that makes us go "aww": What's the difference between Willy the killer whale and Michael Jackson? One's black and white and encourages little boys to touch his blowhole, and the other's a whale. Wokka wokka!

Maybe it's time to clean the pool

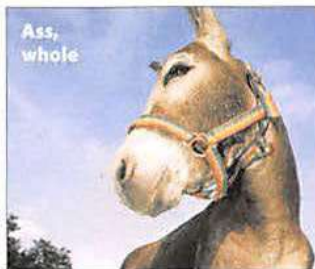


"Gah! My eyes!"

12. PORKY PIG

Pigs might be filthy animals, but they're delicious... deliciously adorable! And no swine is finer than Porky Pig—speech impediment be damned!

Thing that makes us go "aww": We love the way Porky stammers "Th-th-th-th-at's all, folks" as if he knows, deep down, that he's a single screwup away from a one-way ticket to the meat grinder. What a sport!



Ass, whole

11. PABLO THE MULE

International erotic Web cam star Pablo possesses that cuddly combination of beast-of-burden rakishness and enormous donkey cock.

Thing that makes us go "aww": When that desperate crack whore discovers just how much ejaculate a properly motivated mule can produce. The look on her face alone is worth the \$3.95 Adult Check price.



10. FATAL ATTRACTION'S BOILED BUNNY

The official mascot of infidelity gone wrong, this rabbit stew is so lovable we'd give him a big hug if his fully cooked innards wouldn't slide right out of his fluffy, white carcass.

Thing that makes us go "aww": Boiled bunnies are easy to train: Just fish them out of their death broth, ladle them on the floor, and shout "Stay!"



9. DR. ZAIUS

The charming mutant orangutan who loathes the whole of humanity is like a delightful cross between a cuddly Monchhichi and Hitler.

Thing that makes us go "aww": Running up behind the ol' simian sourpuss and tickling him as he's grooming himself. See how long the "doctor" can resist hurling his own feces! Duck!



"Don't struggle, Lassie. It's all for the best."

LASSIE, THE WONDER DOG

We sit down—sit, Lassie, sit!—with America's most beloved canine.

Lassie! C'mere, girl. Who's a good dog?

[wags tail, pants]

Who's a good dog? Are you a good dog?

[barks, wags tail]

Yes, you are.

Yes, you are. Go get the ball.

Go get the ball, Lassie!

[runs away; returns moments later with ball]

Good dog!

So...is there anything else you'd like

Maxim readers to know?

[barks]

What's that?

Timmy's stuck in a well

guarded by sodomizing hillbillies armed with homemade potato guns, and we've only got 15 minutes to get there before they hack Timmy into light and dark meat?

[barks]

That sounds pretty serious, which begs the question: How the hell does this crazy shit always happen to poor little Timmy?

[shrugs, begins licking self]

Good dog.

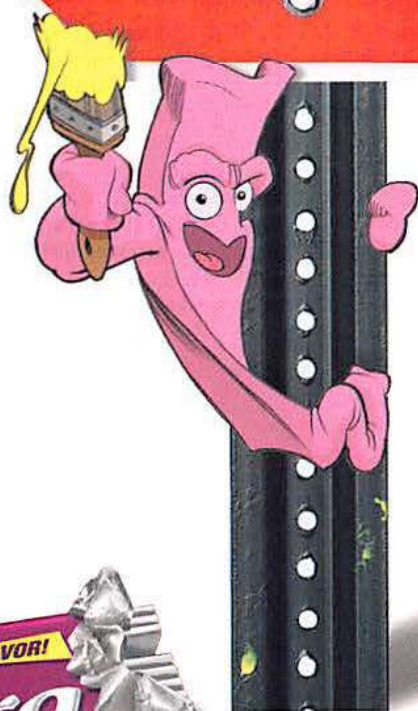
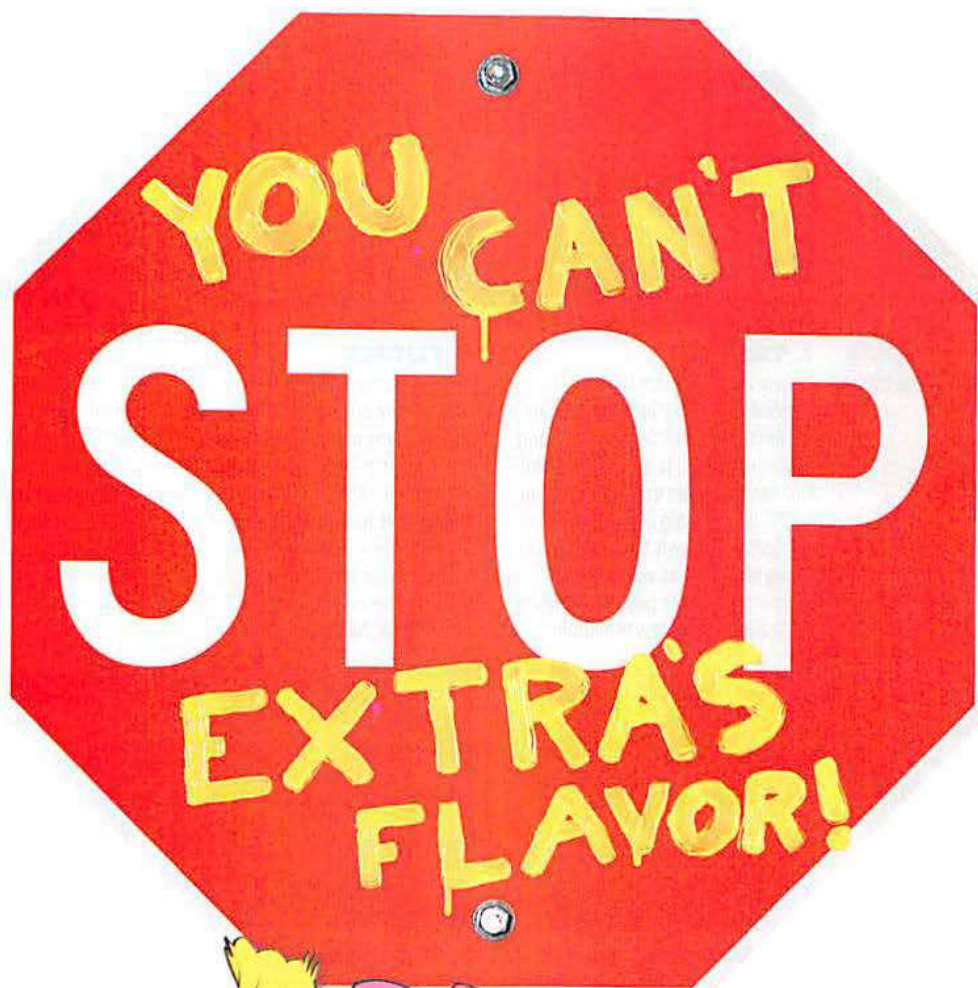
CUTE & A



8. JAWS

Those lifeless eyes, the rows and rows of gnashing teeth, and the insatiable hunger for human flesh make this cold-blooded murder machine the snuggle kitty of the deep blue sea.

Thing that makes us go "aww": When Jawsie hugs Quint with his razor-sharp teeth, and Quint hugs the big lug right back. We're gonna need a bigger boat... for all this love!



The gum that doesn't give up.



"This one's just for chipmunks."

BAD TED HUNTING

THE NUGE

Ted Nugent—rock star, bow hunter, carnivore—doesn't like killing animals. He loves it.

Ted, on the subject of cute animals...

I understand... you want to talk about cute little animals and how I've killed them all. Story of my life. Life's a fucking gut pile, man, and I'm your tour guide. **Do people give you shit for killing cuddly creatures?** I get the occasional numb-nut. They say, "I can see how you can shoot ugly wild boars, but not a beautiful deer." Oh, a little more Hitlerism is just what we need. *This can live and this can die according to my whims.* Eat me, you fuck! Here's the truth so you can print it in bold, capital red letters: The

critter, the sweeter the meat.

What else have you killed?

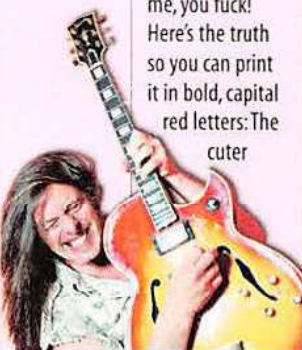
I hunt 200 days a year, and I've been doing so since the '70s. This past year alone I killed 117 big-game animals. I've never killed that many before; it's because of people like Paul McCartney and Pam Anderson that I'm on this flesh jihad.

Do you have a favorite to eat?

Venison, the way we cook it, is like sex with a spoon. I've killed fawns—Bambi-like fawns—and put the carcasses right on the spit. It's the most tender, palate-erection-fest food of all time.

Thanks, Ted.

Any last words for the wise? You can't grill it till you kill it, and anyone who disagrees can eat shit and die.



7. THE FLY

Is there anything cuter than a fly? Especially when the little buggers are swarming over a rotting corpse, laying their cute little eggs in the putrid flesh? And don't even get us started on maggots! The only thing cuter than a fly is Jeff Goldblum slowly turning into one. **Thing that makes us go "aww":** Watching Goldblum puke up corrosive white bile sets our hearts aflutter.



6. FLIPPER

Famous for their affinity for humans, dolphins are our friends in the oceans and are some of the smartest mammals on Earth. Thank God for thumbs, or they'd be killing and eating us. **Thing that makes us go "aww":** That episode where Flipper gets trapped in the tuna net but none of the fishermen speak "Eek, eek." That was a classic. Silly fishermen!



5. CUJO

We think "Cujo" is a Navajo word meaning "rabid killing machine," but to us "Cujo" means one thing and one thing only: "crazy in love." **Thing that makes us go "aww":** Nothing brings a tear to our eye more than watching a boy and his dog at play—one trapped in a car, the other raving in a bloody froth, desperately trying to kill, kill, kill.



4. BLACK STALLION

Noble Stallion! Your ebony sides heaving with sweat, your billowing mane waving in the wind as you thunder to the rescue of millions of young girls who dream about clenching you between their thighs. Paging Dr. Freud! **Thing that makes us go "aww":** Is there anything more comforting than a bowl of Black Stallion—flavored gelatin? Mmm... that's good hoof!



3. THE THING

With so much canine competition on this list, it takes a special pooch to make the top three. Come here, you intergalactic, shape-shifting alien doggy! Who's a good killer intergalactic virus? Yes, you are... **Thing that makes us go "aww":** When the bowwow's face cracks open and the little tentacles are all aquiver, we get goose pimples.



2. MONTECORE

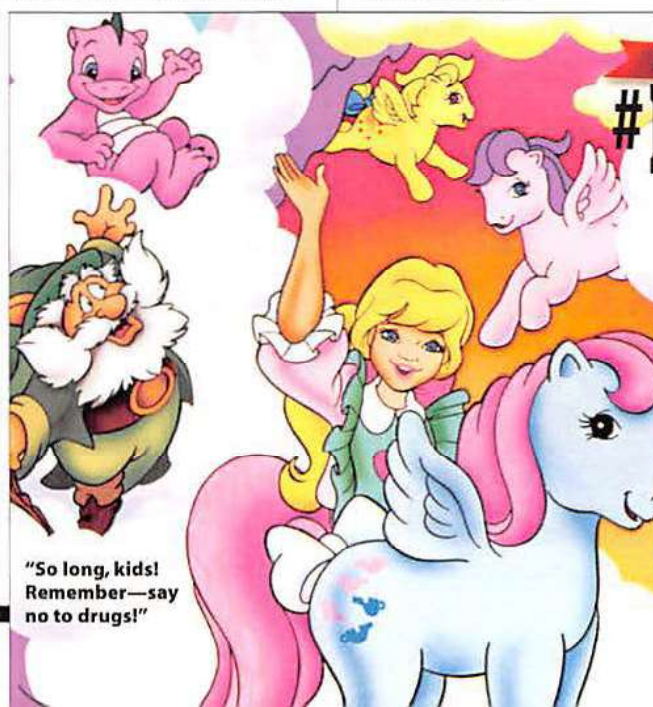
Everybody loves fluffy white tigers—especially those who suckle at the man-teats of Siegfried and Roy. We can't wait to roll around on Montecore when he gets turned into a rug. **Thing that makes us go "aww":** When Montecore got bumped on the nose by Roy's microphone and kissed him on the neck so tenderly that Roy almost bled to death all over his cape!

AND THE WINNER IS...

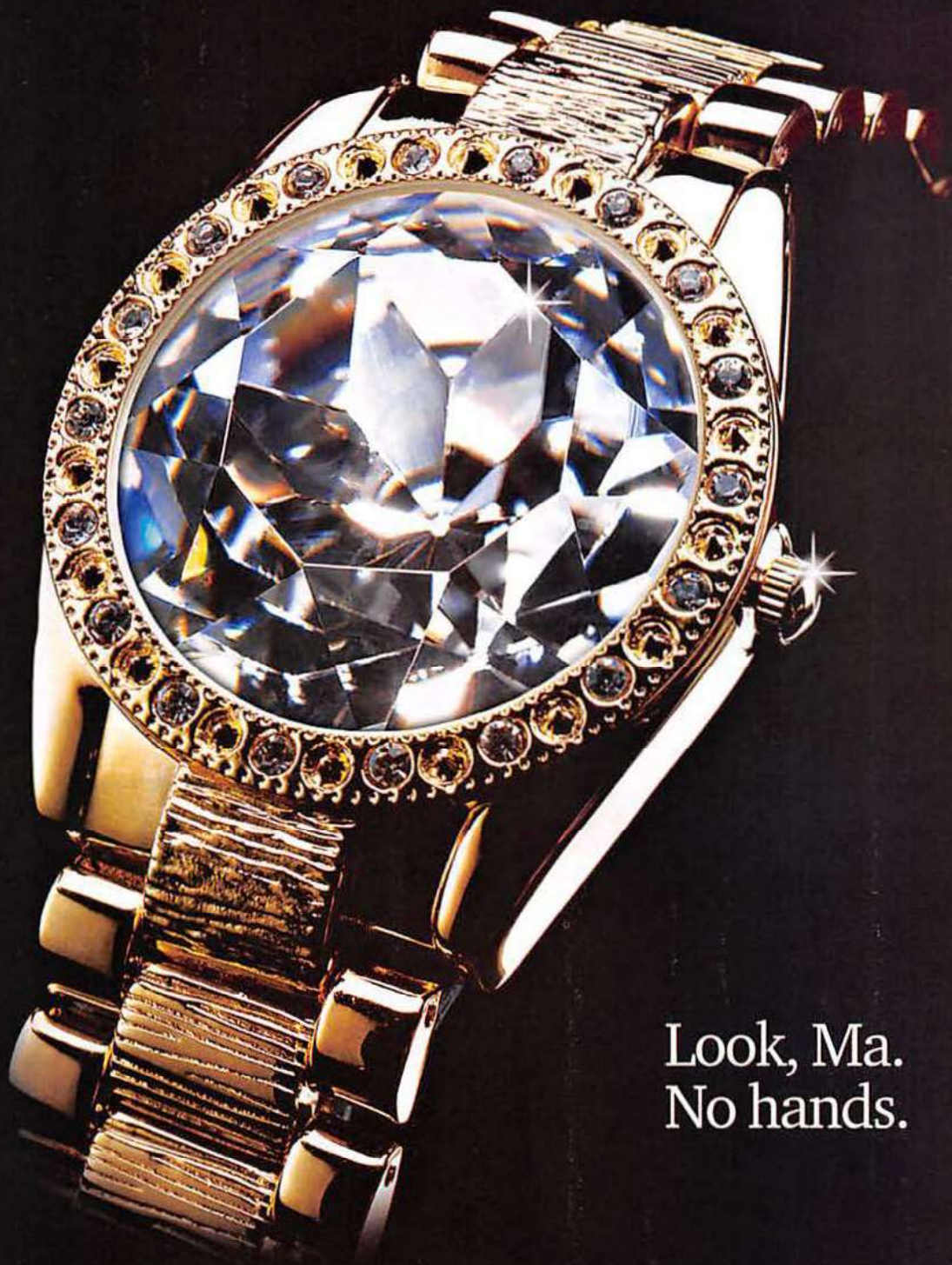
#1 MY LITTLE PONY

Look! What's that galloping in the distance? Could it be... a whimsically pastel-colored passel of ponies? Yes, it is! The very sight of them makes us want to gut ourselves and festively toss our entrails in the air like wet, sinewy confetti. Huzzah!

Thing that makes us go "aww": Cute Pony! With your bejeweled eyes and silky, rainbow-colored mane! Cute fucking little candy-ass Pony! Yay! So cute... we're... fighting... urge... to... kill... must kill for Pony. Pony decrees it. Pony will love us if we kill... must have Pony's love... ye-e-e-s-s... can't let Pony down, or Pony will destroy us... sweet, sweet Pony... kill... kill... so much blood... ☒



"So long, kids! Remember—say no to drugs!"



Look, Ma.
No hands.



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BLUE HEAVEN

★
**MAXIM
EXCLUSIVE
PHOTO!**
★

It's the picture you thought you'd never see! Springfield's sexy—and tidy—Marge Simpson lets her hair down.

How does a mother of three stay in such good shape?

When you're married to Homer, there's not a lot of excess food. The kids and I fight for the scraps.

Describe the wildest date you've ever been on.

Once we went to see a movie, and when it was over we snuck in to see the last 10 minutes of another movie. Later I mailed the theater 12 dollars.

What do you find sexy in a man?

A big belly and no inhibitions.

What's a secret people don't know about Homer?

He holds the world record for being victimized by pyramid schemes.

You must be proud. What's a secret people don't know about you?

I'm not a natural blue. That's off the record.

Of course. Was it tough growing up as the younger sister with all the looks?

Since when does *Maxim* care about looks?

Good point. What's something a guy can do to get your attention?

It's all in the eyes. Giant, circular, bulging eyes.

What's so sexy about bowling?

The pins clean themselves up.

What would the perfect evening out be for you?

A romantic dinner and window-shopping for couches.

What's more exhilarating, good sex or gambling?

We do both by not using protection.

Give us the juiciest Springfield gossip you know.

I know what state we live in. But I'm saving that for my *60 Minutes* interview.

If you could clean any house in the world, which one would you choose?

In the whole world? I guess I'd have to say the Flanders', next door.

Which cleaning product excites you the most?

[angrily] I was told there'd be no questions about cleaning products. I can't violate my endorsement deal with Lux.

What's your ultimate fantasy?

To finally unearth Homer's secret network of mini-fridges.

And your secret to tall, luscious hair?

I use yeast, then I bake at 350 degrees for half an hour. **M**

MATT GROENING



THE WARS OF DELTA FORCE

For more than 25 years, Delta Force has quietly kept America's deadliest enemies at bay. The unit's movements are so secretive, in fact, that Army brass won't officially acknowledge it even exists. So we went to founding member Eric Haney for the inside dope on a quarter century of shadow warfare.

Eric Haney has always been a soldier. After growing up poor in rural Georgia, he enlisted in the Army straight out of high school and began compiling an impressive service record. At just 22, Haney became platoon sergeant. Two years later, he joined the Army Rangers, where he continued to excel. As he came to the end of his successful hitch in the elite unit, he knew he was a prime candidate to become an instructor. But he wanted action.

For the next eight years, action was exactly what he got.

THE BEGINNING

1977: The world's been plagued by a new wave of terrorism—and the U.S. hasn't been immune. Sixteen American tourists were killed inside Israel's Ben Gurion Airport in 1972, the American ambassador to Sudan was murdered in 1973 by Yasir Arafat's Black September group, and 10 airplane hijackings are attempted here every year. In response, the U.S. creates 1st Special Forces Operational Detachment: Delta in Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

My battalion commander called me in for a meeting with a man I'd never met. He was dressed in civilian clothes and wouldn't give me his name; he simply asked if I wanted to try out for a new unit. He promised dangerous work with no recognition. I signed up on the spot.

The initial weeding-out process at Fort Bragg consisted of weeks of long-distance running, hiking, swimming, and other drills. After one fast 18-mile march where we had to carry at least 40 pounds of equipment, one man got

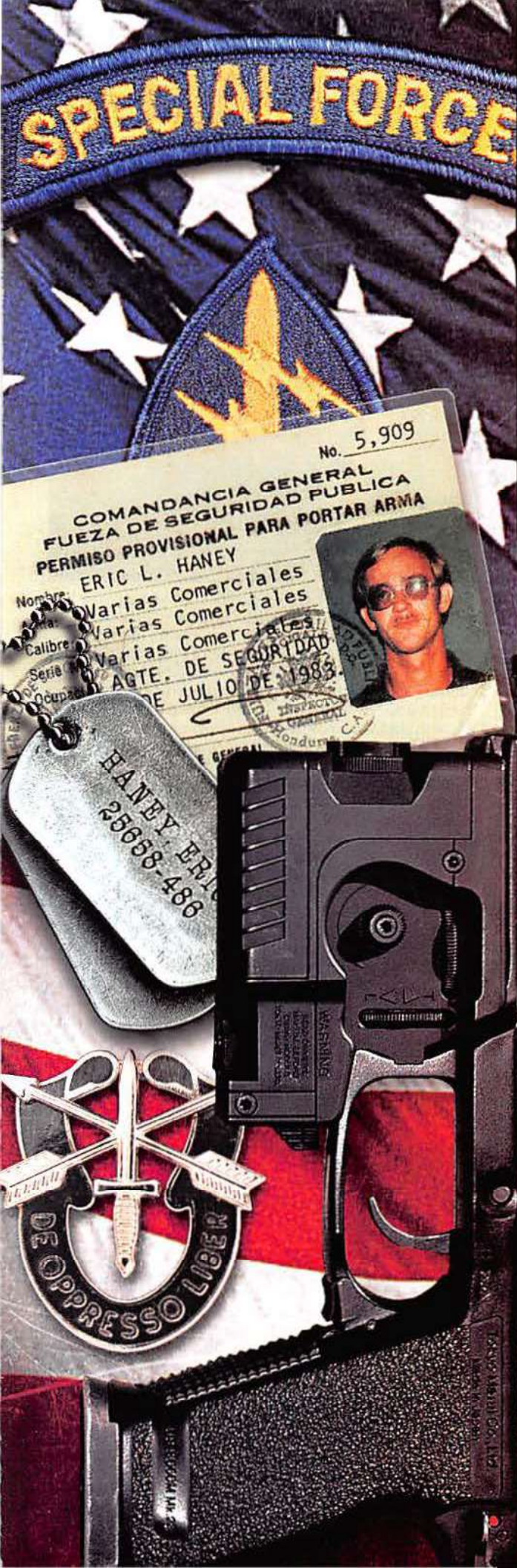
blisters...bad. When he finally removed his boots, the soles of his feet ripped right off.

That was before the worst part—days of tough tracking over high ridges, culminating in a one-day, 40-mile race through some of the hardest mountain country I'd ever seen. By the end I felt like someone had beaten my feet with a bat. Of the 163 soldiers who showed up the first day, only 12 of us made it in the end.

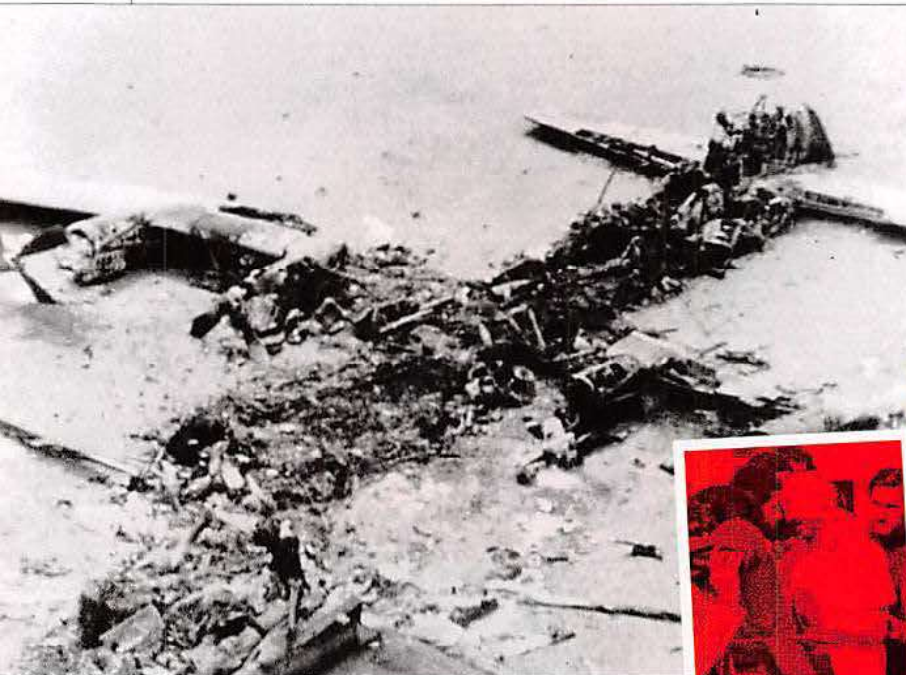
When we reported for training, a man named Charlie Beckwith briefed us. He'd served overseas with the British SAS, and he didn't hide the fact that what we were doing would be dangerous. "You gotta kill," he said. "We ain't making cornflakes here." We drilled for eight hours every day, firing thousands of rounds, shredding target after target. We practiced breaking into all kinds of rooms and airplane cabins; we even interviewed escape artists and thieves at high-security federal pens to learn their secrets.

None of that prepared us for the live-fire drills. We had rooms filled with dummies representing hostages and terrorists. But Beckwith had us take turns subbing in as live hostages. As bad as it was sitting in a chair waiting for the door to bang open and a storm of bullets to fly in, it was even worse to be on the other end, terrified of killing one of your friends. Believe it or not, no one died. It wasn't that the test taught us accuracy—we already had that. The test gave us confidence. Once you can blow the heads off mannequins millimeters from a friend, you can charge into a room and do the same thing for a group of strangers. ►

We sat waiting for the door to open and a storm of bullets to fly in.



Eric Haney's mission
was to be in the wrong
place at the wrong time.



Clockwise from left: The remains of the torched C-130; Muslims pray outside the American embassy in Iran; jubilant Iranians during the hostage crisis; one of the hostages.

Soon the 20,000 pounds of fuel under me would explode.

INTO HOSTAGE TERRITORY

1980: Iranian militants loyal to the Ayatollah Khomeini have toppled the Shah's pro-American government and stormed the U.S. embassy in Tehran, seizing 66 hostages. President Jimmy Carter secretly authorizes Delta Force to attempt a daring rescue. But a horrific refueling explosion kills five Air Force personnel and three marines before they even get to Tehran. The mission is scuttled, 52 hostages remain in captivity for 444 days, and Carter loses the election.

My team was called to the Farm, a secret CIA base. We knew it would be a tough mission, and the intelligence was...well, I can't even call it intelligence. The agency had wild stories about thousands of militants in the streets barricading the embassy. Our plan was to fly in on C-130 transport planes to Desert One, a transfer point in Iran about 100 miles from Tehran, where we'd switch to helicopters and fly to a spot 30 miles from the city. From there we'd take trucks to the embassy, sneak in a back entrance, kill the guards, and get the hostages. Then we'd blow a hole in the wall and run across the street to a



soccer stadium. The helicopters would be waiting to take us back out, and everyone would go home.

But there were problems. The helos were always malfunctioning and had pilots who weren't ready for this kind of mission. The Navy insisted we use them because they wanted a piece of the action. So we made a worst-case backup plan: Break into cars on the street, drive them out of town, and turn ourselves over to Soviet border guards. Sure, it sounds crazy, but being captured by the Soviets was a better option than being executed by the Iranians.

When we met the helicopters at Desert One, they'd just flown through a sandstorm, and the flight crews were disoriented and terrified. Some of them had already turned back. One of the helos had a cracked rotor, rendering it useless. We were ordered to abort the mission, so we got back on a C-130 while it was on the ground refueling helicopters. One helo detached from the C-130 and started to lift, but the pilot got disoriented in the swirling sand and drifted into the plane. When his rotor hit the plane's fuselage, the helo flipped on top of the plane and exploded.

A shower of blue sparks and burning gasoline rushed down the cabin toward me. In a few seconds, the 20,000 pounds of fuel I was sitting on was going to explode. I was sure I'd never get out in time—but I decided to die trying. I scrambled to an open door and jumped, hitting the sand as twisted metal rained down around me and live ammunition and rockets fired into the air. The remaining C-130's engines were already running, and it was low on fuel, so we had to move. We flew out, dumping supplies and getting ready for a water ditch in the Persian Gulf. Somehow we made it back to base on fumes.

If we'd had decent transportation, that mission had a 97 percent chance of succeeding. As it was, it didn't take long for the debacle to get all over the news. We were told to take a vacation so that reporters couldn't find us.

HOW TO...AVOID AN AMBUSH

It's called hostile territory for a reason, so don't get caught in a trap.



STEP ONE

Beware of bottlenecks. If you see a stalled car, a dead animal, or any other kind of impromptu roadblock, it could be an ambush. If possible, turn the car around; if not, throw it in reverse and do some fancy driving.



STEP TWO

When stopped in traffic, make sure you can see the spot where the back wheels of the car in front of you touch the pavement. This will give you space to pull around in case another car tries to sandwich you from behind.



STEP THREE

If you do get caught in an ambush, your car is your best weapon. Keep it moving no matter what: Whatever your gut reaction is, it's probably right—and better than being a sitting duck while you think it through.

THE RESCUE THAT NEVER CAME

1980: Spy satellites photograph what appears to be a prison camp in Laos, just across the border from Vietnam. The photos support rumors that some of the 1,800 American soldiers missing in action from the Vietnam War are still being held as POWs. While military intelligence gathers more info, Delta Force is mobilized for a rescue.

When our commander briefed us, he didn't tell us much. But as we trained, a few things became clear: We'd insert near mountains, need to avoid satellite detection, and be flying low over the tree line. It became obvious that we were going after American POWs in Vietnam. And we knew we could get them out.

ANATOMY OF A MISSION FAILURE

In 1980, Delta Force operators were supposed to rescue the American hostages in Iran. This is why it never happened.

1. INSERTION
Haney and his comrades land. Three Iranian vehicles approach on a nearby road; one, a fuel truck, is blown up by a rocket.

5. ESCAPE
Haney jumps to relative safety and with the surviving soldiers runs to the remaining C-130 as it taxis away. He's the last man on the plane before it takes off.

2. ARRIVAL
Helos are 1½ hours late and malfunctioning.

3. REFUELING
The mission is aborted, but the helos must still refuel.

4. DISASTER
After each helo refuels, it flies to a separate location to stay clear of the planes. As the last one takes off, vicious wind currents force it into Haney's plane. The rotor rips apart the fuselage, the helo flips over onto the plane, and it explodes. The plane is incinerated, and eight men die.

Eventually, we even made a training rescue of some Air Force pilots who were going through POW training. But one day, right after we finished our final drill, a retired lieutenant colonel named Bo Gritz appeared on television and told the world there were American POWs in Southeast Asia, and he was going to rescue them. His announcement put our mission on the shelf for 18 months. As we began training a second time, Gritz showed up again, this time at a press conference in Bangkok, saying he'd been getting ready in the jungle for the last 30 days.

If you've been in the jungle that long, you're yellow, bug-bitten, torn up, and sickly. Not him. He'd obviously been sitting in a bar the whole time. We were never able to bring the mission back after that. Due to the publicity, the POWs were probably executed.

I don't think Gritz was deliberately sabotaging our mission, but I do believe he was manipulated to prevent us from going in. Someone wanted to avoid the embarrassment of having the world find out we'd left those guys behind. Years after the mission, I got to know a former high-ranking officer in the foreign service of the North Vietnamese government. He corroborated something I'd heard before: After the war we promised the North Vietnamese reconstruction funds in exchange for the return of our POWs. Only we never gave them the money. And they never gave us the POWs.

When the mission was scuttled, everything changed. No one said it in public, but everyone in Delta thought, *I know if I'm in an operation in Afghanistan and I get left behind, ain't no one coming to get me.*

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

1981: Communist Sandinistas have seized power in Nicaragua and held control for two years; U.S. officials fear they will ally with Cuba and spread revolution to neighboring Honduras and beyond. President Ronald Reagan signs National Security Directive 17, authorizing secret

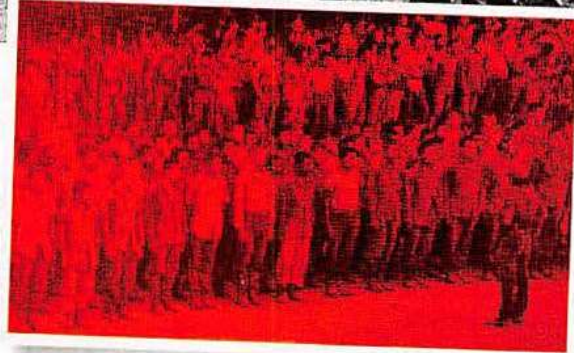
We never gave North Vietnam money; they never gave us our POWs.



From left: Vietcong capture John McCain in 1967; Bo Gritz managed to scuttle a Delta Force POW rescue mission.



Clockwise from above: Marines drill with Honduran soldiers; battle-weary Contras gather after a raid; Contra recruits line up at a rebel training camp.



I saw a pink cloud of blood and tissue where the person had been.

financial and military support to anti-Sandinista forces in Nicaragua and Honduras. The money comes from the sale of weaponry to Iran. Six years later the U.S. Senate holds the Iran-Contra hearings to investigate.

I was in Honduras following an enemy guerrilla team through rugged scrub country. I was leading a team of Deltas, Honduran Special Forces, and Black Caribs—local tribesmen who were great trackers. “We want this unit obliterated,” my superiors told me at the briefing. “We want to make an example of them so they’ll never attempt this again.” There was an American within the guerrillas, but I wasn’t told who he was. I assumed he was a civilian, some shmuck playing revolutionary on his vacation. “Gentlemen leftists” often fought with the Sandinistas.

There was just one problem—the mission didn’t make any sense. First, how did the intelligence people know where the guerrillas were? Usually, you have to wait until guerrillas attack to spot them. Second, how did we know about the American? We’d need a source in the Sandinista government to get that kind of knowledge. Third, when a raiding party crosses the border, they usually jump in, do a mission, and jump out. These guys were driving deep into Honduras with no apparent aim.

After more than a week of hitting them at night and when they stopped to refill their canteens, we finally trapped them against the side of a mountain. We were weak and scorched by the sun, but they were worse; we listened in on their radio frequency as they desperately called for an airdrop of supplies. Their commanders responded with bullshit; the guerrillas were obviously being written off. The next day, at dawn, we closed in.

My team split up, one group advancing as the other pounded the enemy with gunfire. We cut up everything with the blasts, throwing in grenade after grenade. The guerrillas fought back, but they couldn’t break out. About 90 minutes into the fight, I spotted the leader 40 yards away next to his radioman. I put him in my scope and shot him through the neck. Resistance collapsed, but we kept firing for several more minutes just to be sure.

As the Hondurans inspected the dead, I checked the guerrilla leader I’d shot. He was an American, all right—a Green Beret named David Arturo Baez. “Nicky” to his friends. I knew him.

My guess was the CIA had sent Nicky over as a spy to “join” the Sandinistas, then betrayed him in an attempt to start an all-out war. When I brought back the body, the CIA station chief was at the airfield. He was a real asshole.

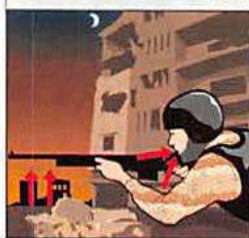
“Well done,” he said.

“Who was he working for?” I yelled at him. “Was he one of yours?”

The station chief gave me a wicked sneer but said nothing. So I hit him in the face. Hard. He went down, and I walked away. I never saw him again.

HOW TO...BE A SNIPER

The best way to shoot people is to make sure they never shoot back.



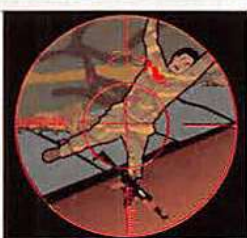
STEP ONE

Practice without a scope—all good snipers learn with “iron sights” to develop trigger control. Always try to shoot while lying on your belly; that way you can raise or lower your sight by inflating and deflating your lungs.



STEP TWO

Feel a slight tick jerking your aim? That’s your pulse, so shoot between heartbeats. Also, remember “lights low, sights low”—poor lighting makes targets appear higher and farther away than they are. Aim low to compensate.



STEP THREE

Draw in a breath and let half of it out before you shoot. This gives your body an extra oxygen boost, which actually improves your eyesight. Be sure to take the shot within eight seconds, or you’ll start to tremble from lack of air.

WAITING TO KILL

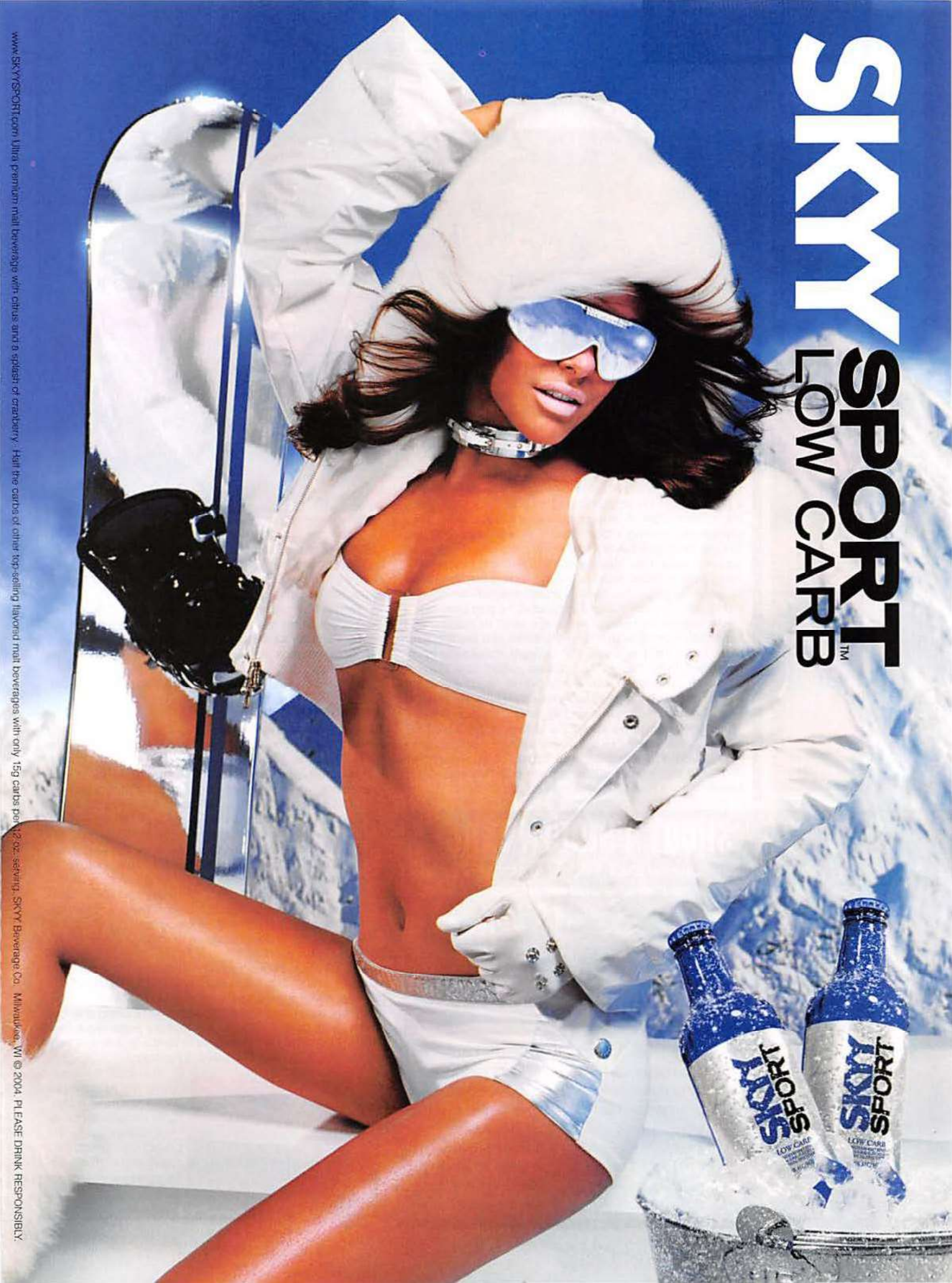
1982: Israeli forces move into Lebanon to drive out members of the PLO and the Syrian military. Chaos erupts as the Lebanese president-elect is assassinated and hundreds of Palestinians are killed in refugee camps. Beirut explodes with militia violence, and President Reagan sends in the Marines to stabilize the situation. During their occupation, U.S. forces come under constant attack, culminating in the October 23, 1983 terrorist bombing of the Marines barracks that kills 241 Americans.

Beirut was like Dodge City. Everything had shell holes. Syrian tanks and refugee villages were scattered around the airport, where the Marines had their barracks, and enemy snipers showed up to shoot at the soldiers. They hid themselves in crowds of children so marines could not fire back—if they drilled one of those guys, the bullet would have gone through him and hit a kid.

Delta Force came up with a new tactic. Instead of putting standard ammunition into the rifle, we loaded a very light bullet that flew with tremendous velocity. ►

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The wind whipped a fine spray of blood into the helicopter.



Clockwise from above: Rubble in Beirut; the 1983 bombing of a Marines barracks killed 241; The Marines arrive in Lebanon.



The thought was if we hit somebody with a light, high-speed bullet, it would dump all its energy into the body and stay there. We practiced by putting goats in front of sheets of whitewashed plywood, shooting them, and checking the wood for penetration.

One night my partner and I sneaked away from the barracks and burrowed into a pile of garbage and rubble in a field nearby. We stayed there for three days waiting for our chance. One of us was always watching everything through a spotting scope. That's very fatiguing to the eye, so we rotated every half-hour. We couldn't sleep, so whoever wasn't on watch would lie in a trancelike state, forcing his muscles to relax while keeping his mind alert by mentally going over tasks. I would imagine assembling a rifle, part by part. We communicated by sign language.

We watched as people woke up, went to market, and fixed their cars. Kids played in the street and ran home for dinner. We even watched TV through someone's living room window. There's a problem called the Munich massacre syndrome, where you get so attached to the people you're watching that you can't take the shot. I always get uncomfortable seeing people's private lives.

On the third day I spotted a crowd at just over 300 yards. In situations like these, we always made a range card—numbered locations with corresponding distances of where the enemy might show—so when something happened, we could tell each other quickly.

"Action on four," I said.

We picked up our rifles: two targets for two shooters, right in the crowd. We'd trained to shoot simultaneously. That way 10 men could fire at the same time and have it sound like one shot going off.

"Snipers!" my partner said. "Ready...fire!" Both men went down before the sound of the shots even reached the crowd. Through my scope, for a split second, I could see a pink cloud of blood and tissue floating in the air where the person used to be.

But there was no elation about it. It's hard. It's all hard.

INVADING PARADISE

1983: On the tiny Caribbean island of Grenada, Deputy Prime Minister Bernard Coard leads a radical Marxist coup. Citing the safety of 1,000 Americans on the island, President Reagan launches a 3,000-troop invasion less than two weeks later. After a brief firefight that claims the lives of 19 U.S. soldiers, the Marxists are defeated and a pro-American government eventually takes power.

We'd actually been training to invade Suriname. But after a CIA coup succeeded there, we used the same plan on Grenada. Our briefing revealed that there might be Grenadian political prisoners in an old penitentiary on the island, so we swept in at dawn. My team was packed into a Blackhawk helicopter, flying just over the tree line with the doors open. The bird was vibrating, and the wind was howling so loud you had to shout to make yourself heard. Then the gunfire hit.

It started out as short "Pow!" sounds until a big shell blasted our fire extinguisher to pieces, filling the bird with blinding white fog. People around me were getting hit by tracer fire, and parts of the helicopter were being shot off. I felt a sharp pain in my right leg, and my pants went wet. At first I thought I was bleeding to death. But it was only water—the bullet had shattered my canteen.

Up front the navigator got hit, and the wind whipped a fine, continuous spray of his blood into the cabin. The guy sitting next to me took a

Soldiers disembark from a helo in Grenada.



HOW TO...SHOOT A HIDDEN TARGET

Failure is not an option—so you'll just have to play a little dirty.



STEP ONE

If an evildoer is hiding behind a car, take cover and look for his shadow or any sign of movement to determine where he's crouching. The bad news: You won't have a clear shot. The good news: You won't need one.



STEP TWO

Aim at the pavement under the car so the bullet hits the ground as close to your opponent's feet as possible. The idea is to skip the slug off the concrete into the guy's ankle, shattering it and sending him sprawling.



STEP THREE

Use a Delta maneuver called the double tap: Wait a split second and fire a second shot at the same spot. It'll hit your target in the torso or head as he crumples to the ground, killing him before he has a chance to sound the alarm.

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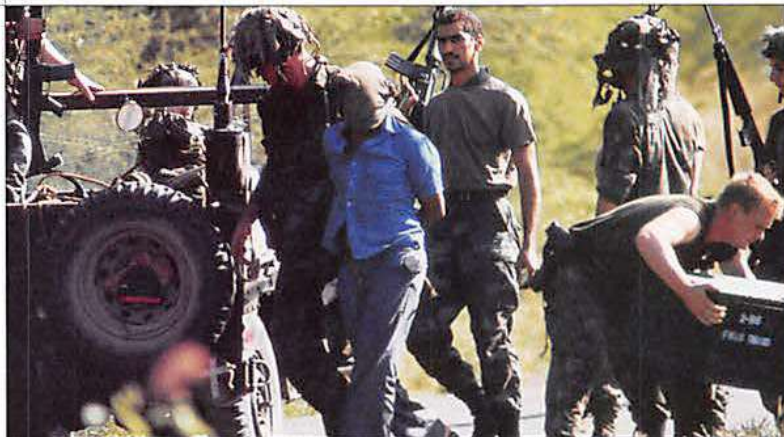
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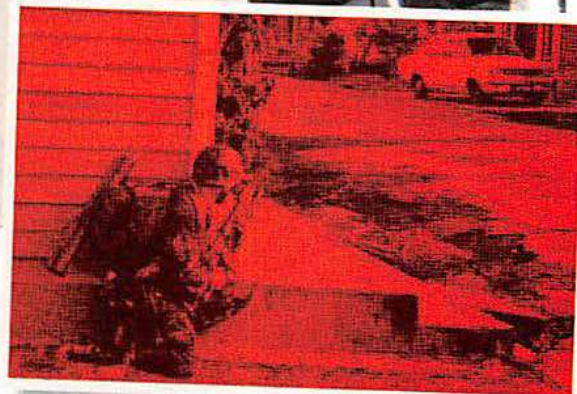
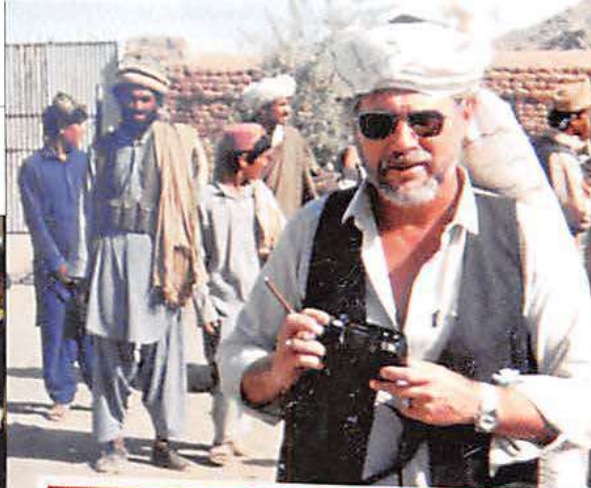
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Clockwise from above: Soldiers escort a guest during the Grenada Invasion; Special Forces operator Dave McKnight blends in; a marine scouts in Grenada.



The guy borrowed a scalpel and cut the shell out of his leg.

bullet that went right through the bottom of the helo and into his leg. He grimaced and reached down to feel the blood. When his hands came up, they were covered with a weird, gooey white substance. I'd never seen anything like that come out of a human body.

"What the fuck is that?" I shouted.

He smelled it and looked relieved. "Toothpaste!" He'd had a tube in his pocket. The shell had gone into his leg, but he didn't seem to be bleeding much.

When we got right over the target, we could see it was abandoned. Someone shouted "Dry hole!" and we got the hell out of there. The helicopter got hit 150 times, and we had eight men wounded.

The toothpaste guy ended up doing fine. The bullet was a large Russian shell with a steel core. If it had hit him before punching through the helo, it would have taken his leg off. But its metal jacket peeled away, and the core that entered his leg was the size of a .22. It went through without hitting his femur or major arteries, making a black welt right under his skin. The guy borrowed a scalpel and cut the thing out himself. He didn't even go to the hospital.



Val Kilmer based his role in *Spartan* on Haney.

THE MISSION CONTINUES

2004: Today U.S. forces are engaged in what is being called America's first Special Operations war. CIA paramilitaries from the Special Activities Division lead the ground assault on Afghanistan. Delta operators on the ground use GPS-guided weapons to assure bombs are accurate to within three yards in Iraq. And Special Forces teams continue to train military allies and hunt terrorists in Georgia, Yemen, Pakistan, and the Philippines.

At 51, I'm too old to be out in the field, but I hear from operators overseas pretty frequently. They don't tell me anything that could get them in trouble, and I don't ask. But I do know this: They're happy. Their morale is good.

We were upset after 9/11 because the senior leadership was still risk-averse. Delta operators were champing at the bit to go into Afghanistan, but the generals were holding back. Now the shackles are off. These guys don't need pats on the back. They just need anonymity and someone with the *cojones* to let them do what they do best: hunt. Meanwhile, we've scored victories against Al Qaeda. The group made a huge leap in efficiency on 9/11—they took 19 people and killed thousands of us. Under our counter-attack, they've become operationally ineffective, but the terrorists have gone through a winnowing process; the ones who've survived are more capable than ever.

I don't understand why we haven't done a thing about Iran. Until Al Qaeda, the Iranian regime was behind almost

every act of terror directed at us. And there are other problems on the horizon. If the Pentagon forms its own intelligence corps, they may be able to conduct covert missions without reporting back to Congress. What happens if a rogue enters the picture? Here's an example: Back in the '80s, one of the staff officers told me, "We had some fucking colonel from the White House calling to deploy us on some crazy mission."

"Who was this guy?" I asked.

"Some fruitcake named North. I told him, 'Go piss up a rope. That's not how it works.'" There has to be a chain of command or things can get out of hand.

As for me, I did kidnap rescues and protection jobs in the '90s. I've also been working on the movie *Spartan*, about a Delta Force-like operator trying to rescue the president's kidnapped daughter. I even have a bit role as the president. It comes out this spring.

People ask if I'm afraid some old enemy might come after me now that I've gone public. I don't fear death. I'm not saying I won't fight, though. If anyone ever tries to take me out, I can't guarantee the outcome. But I do guarantee an exciting time. **M**

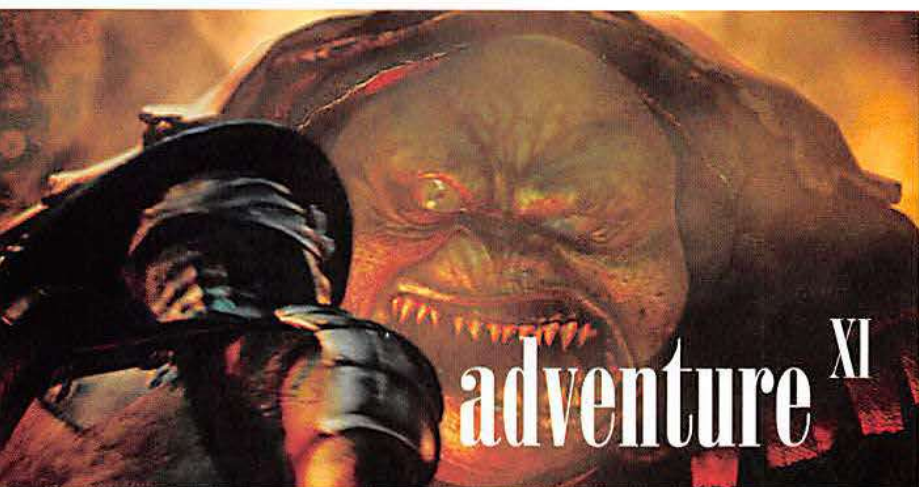
MILITARY INK

Soldiers' tattoos have meanings all their own.

THE BREAKDOWN

This soldier has earned his tats. First off, he successfully completed Special Forces training, hence the blue and yellow banner. The knife, crossed arrows, and sash are unique to the Army's Special Forces Command and subordinate units. Its Latin motto means "Liberate from oppression." Finally, the winged parachute signifies that he's airborne certified.





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MARRIED TO THE MOB

We get nice and cozy with
The Sopranos' new big-haired
Mafia queen. Now don't
go ratting us out, *capiche?*

BY ERIC ALT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHANIE PFRIENDER STYLANDER

ALLISON DUNBAR



ALLISON DUNBAR

'We're pulling
each other's
hair, ripping
tops off...
there's giggling
and tickling.'





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Allison, after her extreme Mafia makeover

Mafia wives are like Italian sports cars: pretty to look at, but there's a chance of winding up in a morgue if you take one for a ride. So we kept it strictly business during our sit-down with Allison Dunbar, who's playing Nicole Lupertazzi, the scheming wife of an up-and-coming Florida mobster looking to make waves for Tony this season on *The Sopranos* ("She's the Carmela of Miami," says Allison). Turns out this blonde, blue-eyed Delaware native claims that comedy—not drama—is her true calling. She also spilled the beans on her fictional husband's cheating ways, techniques for picking up bartenders, and the best ways to start a plumbing business. Is this broad classy or what?

Allison on blurring the lines: "I watched season four of *The Sopranos* on DVD, and I saw some scenes with my husband sitting in a restaurant with some goomah. I was seriously pissed! I called him up and said, 'How come you didn't tell me you cheated on me?'"

Allison on plumbing: "The funny thing

about L.A. is that everything is 'to the stars.' Pet groomers to the stars. Dog walker to the stars. So my friend and I, because we were sick of telling people we were actresses, made up business cards calling ourselves 'plumbers to the stars.' We used to get all dressed up, go to the Viper Room, walk up to the bouncer, and go, 'Your toilet exploded—we're here.' And hand him the card. We'd also give it out to guys. There were guys I dated who seriously thought I was a plumber. Of course, we'd also get a lot of jokes about laying pipe."

Allison on pickup techniques: "I worked as a bartender, and most guys want to blow you away by offering cheesy things: Aruba for the weekend, Paris for dinner. They were trying too hard. I liked guys who busted my chops, who had a sense of humor. I remember one guy said to me, 'I'd like to take you out for a hamburger.' I loved that he wasn't trying to be a showboat. I said to him, 'I don't date guys from work, but if I did you'd be the one.'"

Allison on comedy: "I used to do a show on Comedy Central called *Strip Mall*, where I

played a ditsy porn star named Hedda Hummer. I'm a jokester. I'm totally retarded. Once my friend and I walked around Hollywood in our lingerie just to see where we could go. I have pictures of myself eating at McDonald's in a bra and panties."

Allison on hockey fights: "I had never seen a hockey game before I met my husband [Boston Bruins defenseman Sean O'Donnell]. And, yeah, after the games there's usually a huge fight between the wives and the groupies. Pulling each other's hair, ripping tops off... and then it gets more sensual. There's giggling and tickling. I'm totally kidding. But that's what you want to hear, right?"

Allison on, um, us: "What's cooler than *Maxim*? I'm a visual lesbian. I think most women prefer to look at pictures of girls."

What a coincidence—we're lesbians, too! ☒



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Allison on maximonline.com.





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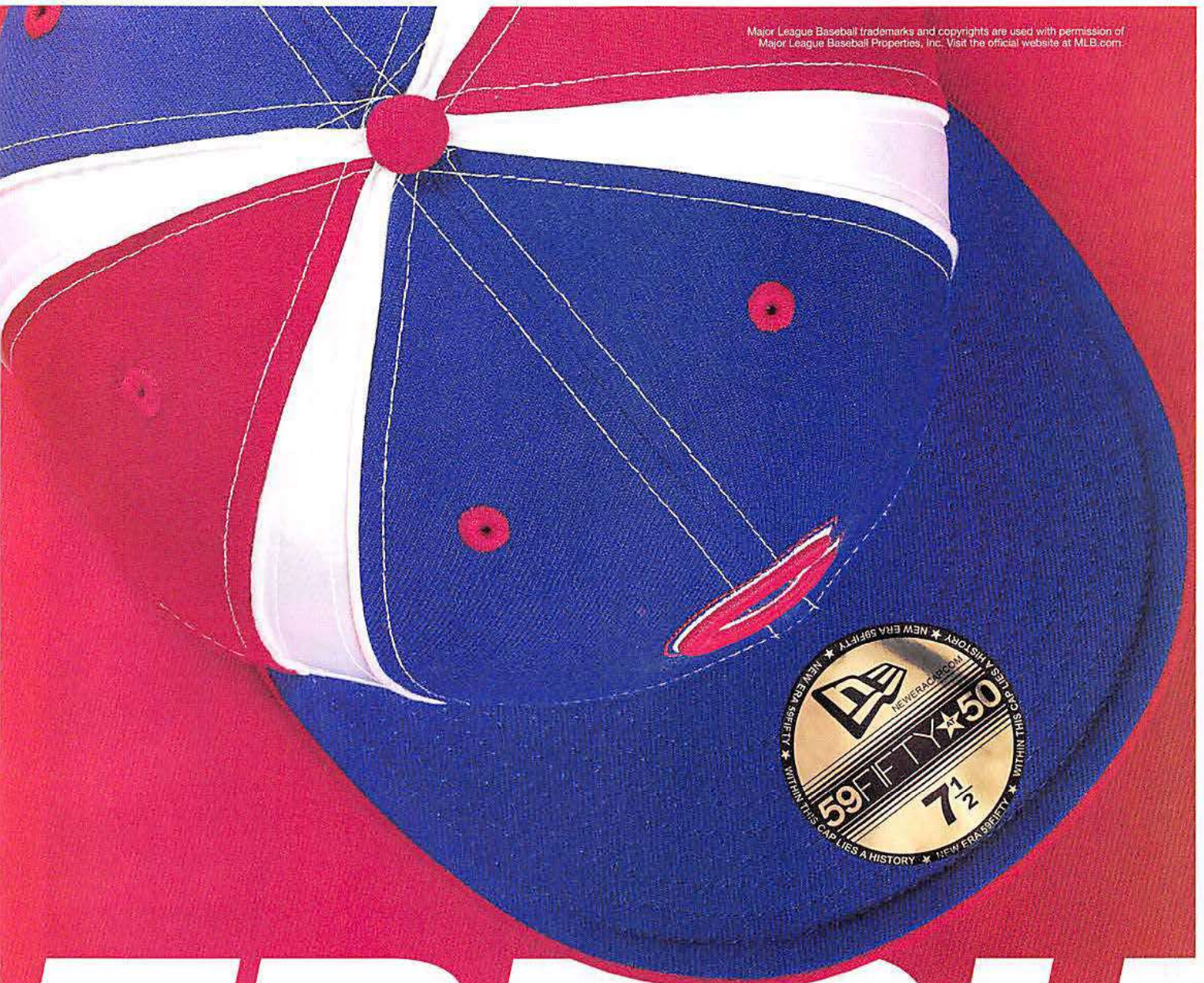


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'I'm a jokester. I
have pictures of
myself eating at
McDonald's in a
bra and panties.'

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On the rocks: the clues
that led us to him

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INSIDE OSAMA'S LAIR

One man has eluded the armies of the world for nearly three years. A man with a capacity for pure evil matched only by his animal resourcefulness. We didn't capture Osama bin Laden, but Maxim did land the interview of a lifetime—and a tour of Osama's secret compound. All he asked is that we not reveal the mystery location.

The free subscription to Maxim was our idea. >>

TODAY ON A VERY SPECIAL Q'RIBS!

It's Osama bin Laden's swanky hideout. Talk about radical chic! This ain't no spider hole, beeyotch!

1. THE DARTBOARD: Living on the run doesn't equal no fun! Practice on living targets has honed Osama's game.

★
IT'S A RAVIN' CAVE-IN
★

2. BIG-SCREEN TV: "Today another near total victory for Al Qaeda!" [buzzzzzzzz] "Total victory! I mean total victory!"

3. THE SOFA BED: "This is magic!" says the madman. "Is it a couch? Fold out, it's a bed! Then a couch! Again it is bed!"

Osama shows off his remote's "freeze" button

ROOM 1: THE ENTERTAINMENT CENTER

Osama bin Laden flashes a partly toothy grin from the foyer of the top-secret bunker he calls home sweet cave. "This is the living room and entertainment center, where I declare jihad on boredom!" he announces. "Look at that plasma screen! And, yes, I have remote control!"

1. CLOSET: "Look at selection! I can change 10 times a day! Sweatiest goes on the left... take dry one from the right!" The panties? We opted not to ask.

2. KIDNEY DIALYSIS MACHINE: Crafted by top Al Qaeda scientists, this rig keeps Osama alive and warmongering. It also purées, toasts, chugs, and liquefies.

3. HI-FI: "State-of-the-art sound!" yells Osama, fiddling with a crotch-level knob. "Watch how high I can crank the treble!"

Chillin' with the most illin' of villains

4. ANIMAL PORN "Is this camel one-humped or two-humped? Is trick question—camel is virgin!"

ROOM 2: THE MASTER BEDROOM

"Being hunted by every Special Ops team on Earth takes its toll," muses Osama. "This is where I relax and get my freak on." His homemade dialysis machine is testament to his ingenuity. Of the bed Osama will only say, "I didn't get 23 kids by blowing up an adoption center!"

Note odd rock formation near Osama's cave

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY: "AK-47 is number one," says Osama, "but Uzi will do for kitchen pests and disturbances from neighbor children."

1. THE OUTSIDE WORLD: "Do I get stir-crazy? Yes, I suppose. But Afghanistan is so beautiful. I would never leave my land. So keep looking there, America... or here, rather. Hey, close that door!"

2. FRIDGE: "When we get running water, or food, or electricity—what a kitchen this will be!"

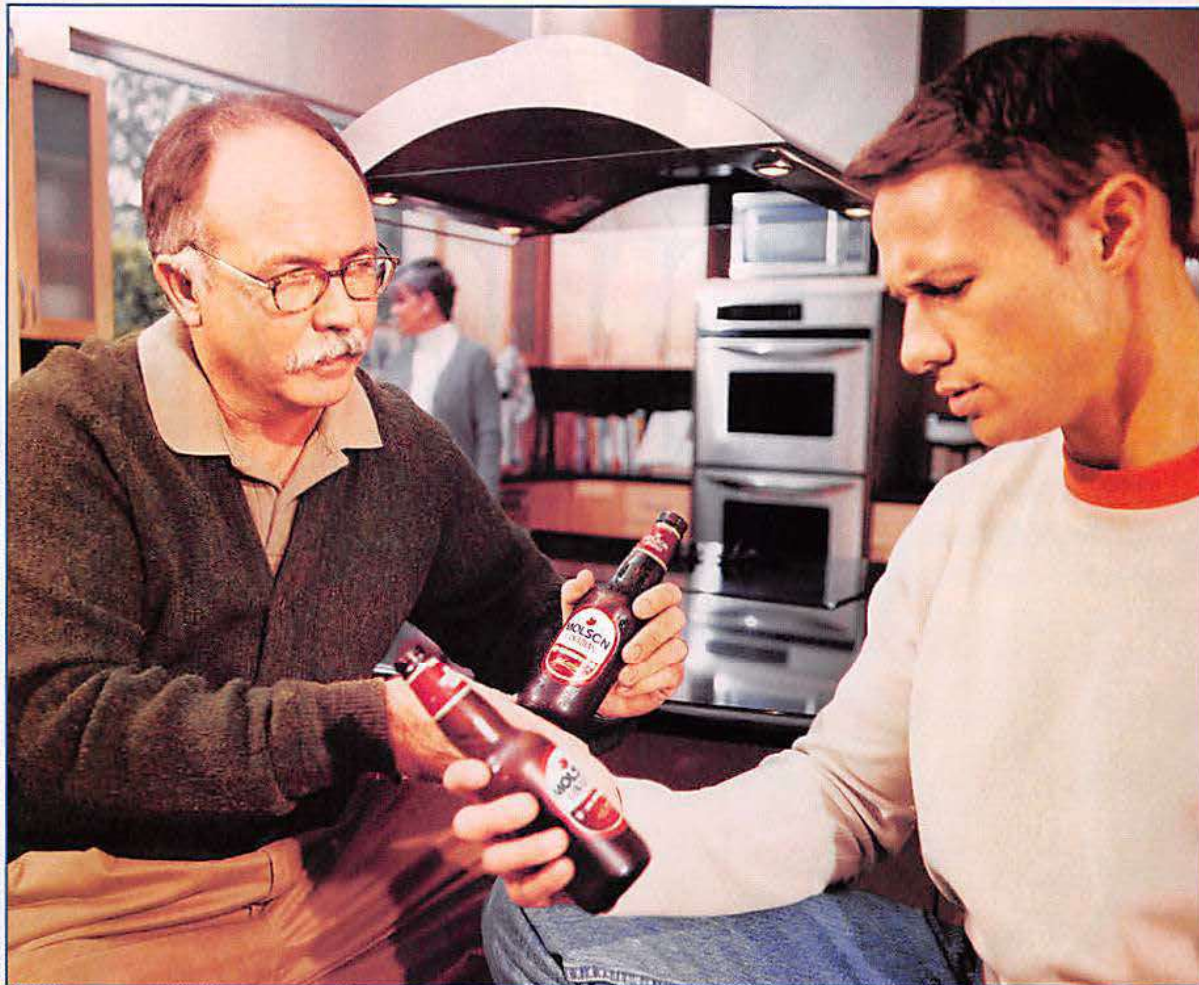
3. RATS: "It sucks, I know. I would make you smoothie, but we have no fruit. And camel dung gums up blender blades."

ROOM 3: THE EAT-IN KITCHEN

"Kitchen is still under construction," growls Osama, angrily slapping a deputy. It's a classic bin Laden understatement: There are only two forks and a broken knife. Oh, and a blender. "This is wedding present from Khadafi!" he says proudly, whipping up a rat-tatouille. "Mangial!"

THE MOLSON "SEX BEER" RUMORS AND WHAT THEY MEAN TO YOU.

A MESSAGE FROM MOLSON.



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THERE HAVE BEEN A LOT OF RUMORS RECENTLY ABOUT THE PURPORTED APHRODISIAC QUALITIES OF SASKATCHEWAN BARLEY. WHILE WE DON'T KNOW HOW THESE RUMORS STARTED, WE DO FEEL IT'S TIME TO SEPARATE FACT FROM FICTION.

YES, SASKATCHEWAN BARLEY CONTAINS ZINC, THE SAME INGREDIENT FOUND IN OTHER SUPPOSED APHRODISIACS LIKE OYSTERS AND TRUFFLES. AND YES, IT'S TRUE THE POPULATION OF CANADA HAS GROWN BY 19,000% SINCE WE STARTED BREWING MOLSON IN 1786. BUT THERE IS NO ABSOLUTE LINK BETWEEN INCREASED AROUSALS AND SASKATCHEWAN BARLEY. AT LEAST NONE THAT ARE STATISTICALLY RELEVANT.

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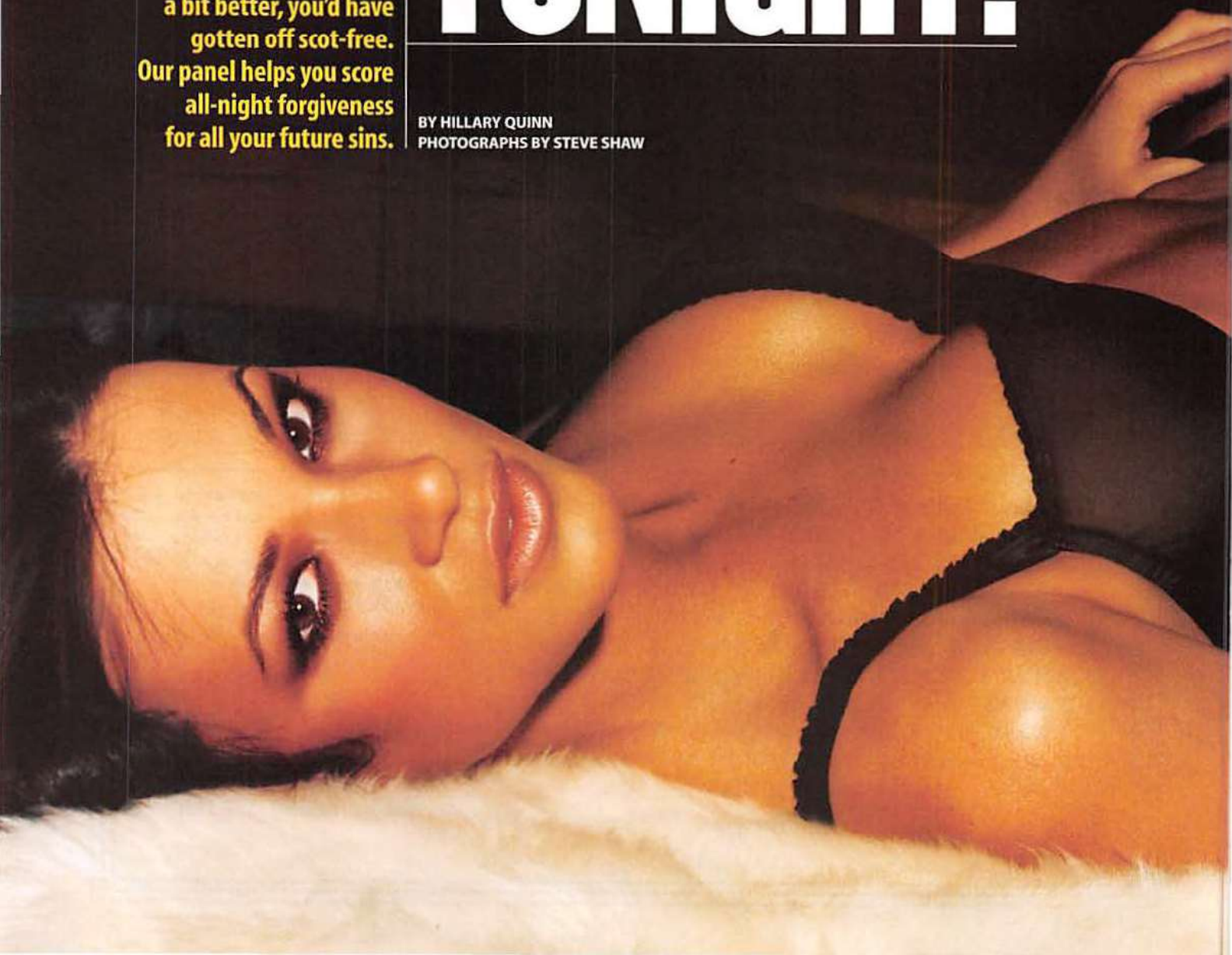
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MAKING "FRIENDS" SINCE 1786

MAKE-UP SEX TONIGHT!

Remember when you messed up...and she busted you? If you'd chosen your next few words just a bit better, you'd have gotten off scot-free. Our panel helps you score all-night forgiveness for all your future sins.

BY HILLARY QUINN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE SHAW





OUR EXCUSE EVALUATORS

Will Arnett: Actor-comedian, plays GOB on Fox's *Arrested Development*

Dana Barron: Actress, best known for her role as daughter Audrey in *National Lampoon's Vacation*

Alexander Chaplin: Actor, best known for his role as James on *Spin City*

Alison James: Author of *I Used to Miss Him... But My Aim Is Improving: Not Your Ordinary Breakup Survival Guide*

Pepper Schwartz, Ph.D.: Professor of sociology, University of Washington, and author of *Everything You Know About Love and Sex Is Wrong*

Linda Stasi: Columnist, *New York Post*

Deirdre Allen Timmons: Seattle-based screenwriter

1. THE BED BANDIT

You got caught trying to sneak your sloshed ass into bed at 3 A.M., claiming you "lost track of time."

Why it backfired...

Pepper Schwartz: "Nobody likes to be lied to, and that excuse insults her intelligence. She's also annoyed because she was worried."

Deirdre Allen Timmons: "Doesn't matter what you say. We think there was a blonde."

What to say next time? (pick one)

a. "Sorry I missed curfew, [sarcastically] Mom."

b. "I love our relationship and that you trust me when I'm with my friends."

c. "I drink because you make me hate life."

Correct answer A B C

By framing the relationship in a positive light, you're defusing her sleep-deprived, I-was-up-late-and-worried-sick instinct to pick a fight.

2. THE EVIL SON-IN-LAW

In a fit of hilarity, you made fun of her mother. To her face. Then pretended to be joking.

Why it backfired...

Linda Stasi: "Under no circumstances do you insult the mother. Suppose it had been *your* sainted mother? We'd *never* get off the hook."

Alison James: "Trying to rationalize your actions is futile. Plus, it makes it seem like you're shirking responsibility."

What to say next time? (pick one)

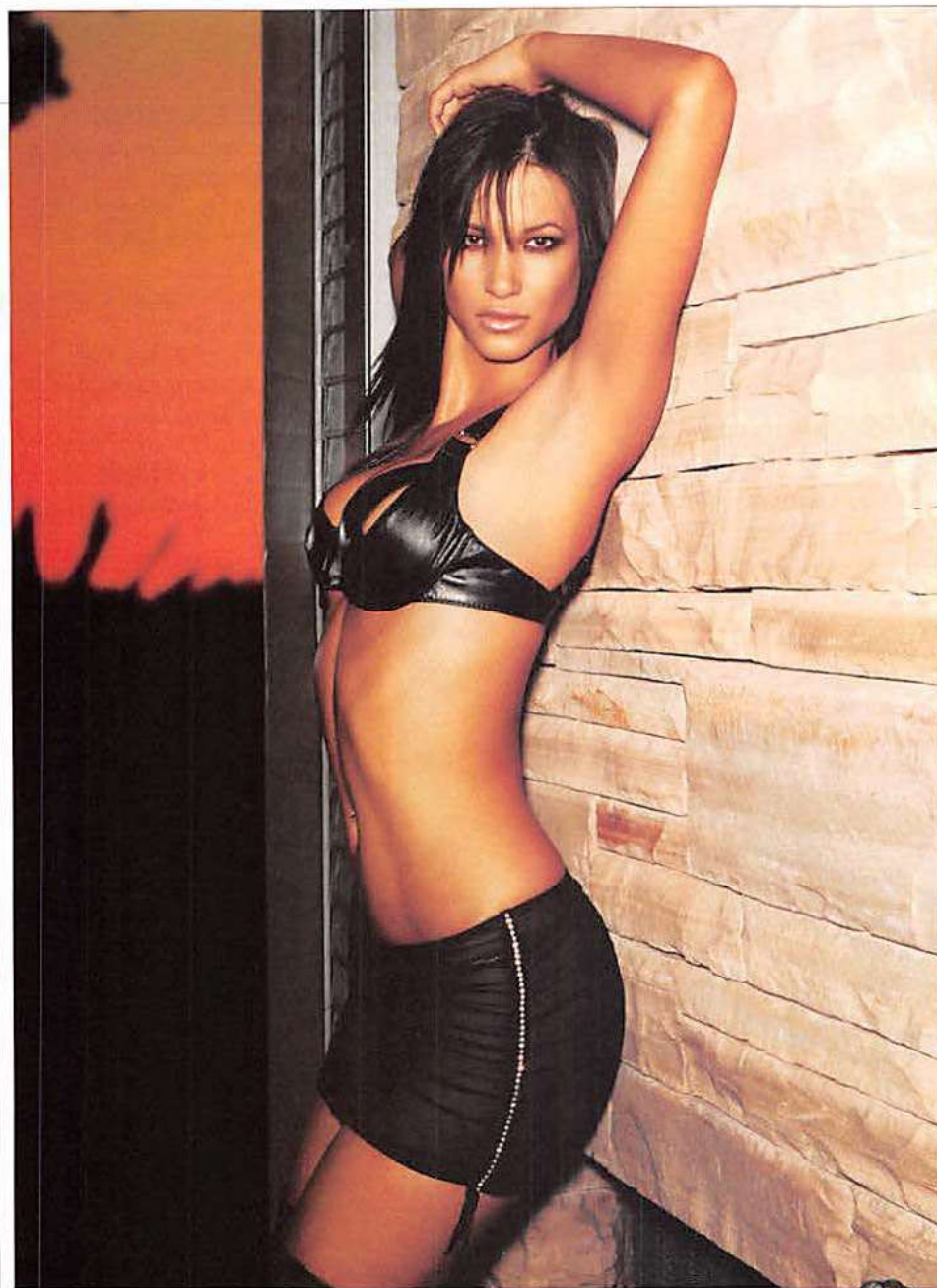
a. "If you think she was genuinely offended, I'll call her in the morning and apologize."

b. "You look just like her when you're mad."

c. "That's where you inherited your craziness!"

Correct answer A B C

You're being accountable for your behavior—and earning points for finding a solution that makes everyone happy. ►



THE DELINQUENT DATE

You accidentally, but totally, stood her up 'cause you "forgot" about your plans together.

Why it backfired...

Deirdre Allen Timmons: "Because she called you three times to remind you."

Will Arnett: "I think saying, 'My phone was fucked-up,' is a more believable excuse."

What to say next time? (pick one)

- a. "Of course I remembered. I just didn't care."
- b. "I was too loaded to drive. What, you want me to endanger us both?"
- c. "I'm sorry I don't have my shit together... I just can't get organized. Can you help?"

Correct answer A B **C**

Women love admissions of failure (shows you're not too macho), and cries for help awaken their motherly instincts. And there's no project they'd rather work on than you.

THE BOORISH BASTARD

You said something kinda rude, then called her oversensitive when she freaked out.

Why it backfired...

Pepper Schwartz: "Maybe she is being sensitive, but she's entitled to her feelings."

Dana Barron: "It totally puts the blame on the woman, and it invalidates our sensitivity."

What to say next time? (pick one)

- a. "My, aren't we Little Miss PMS today?"
- b. "Trust me, when I'm trying to hurt your feelings, you'll know it, fatty."
- c. "Tell me why that upsets you so I'll never make that same mistake."

Correct answer A B **C**

You're showing your willingness to retrain your mouth to suit her and giving her an opportunity to open up. What a guy!

EXCUSE-O-MATIC™

Truth hurts too much? Just pick a phrase from each column.

The 126th cutest animal



THE BAD GUY	THE TRAGEDY	THE VICTIM
My car...	...got sick all over my...	...beloved wiener dog.
This dude on the street...	...broke my only...	...incarcerated ex-wife.
My ex...	...was arrested along with a...	...corpse.
Your cat...	...got herpes from a...	...lawyer's penis.
The weather...	...is trying to sue my...	...fish dinner.
An overweight prostitute...	...changed dramatically—ask any...	...favorite 'N Sync member.
I...	...had an affair with a prominent...	...orphan.
Some retarded kids...	...were cut to pieces by a...	...Third World dictator.
Your mother...	...crashed into my...	...sentient contraceptive sponge.

THE JOHNNY-COME-QUICKLY

You "delivered the custard" too soon... then shrugged, "Sorry," and reached for the remote.

Why it backfired...

Pepper Schwartz: "It's really lame because you're pretending nothing bad happened."

Deirdre Allen Timmons: "That would make me feel like a blowup doll. If you prefaced it with, 'I love you,' and, 'Have you lost weight?' you might have a chance."

What to say next time? (pick one)

- a. "God, you are so fucking hot I couldn't help myself. It's like I'm 16 all over again."
- b. "Shh, I hate when I miss the first part of *Law & Order*. I can never catch up!"
- c. "You can finish yourself off, right?"

Correct answer A B **C**

But only if you turn your attention to her instead of rolling over to sleep. Ta-da!

PlayStation 2

JET LI RISE TO HONOR 義氣



For Kit Yun, the
only way out of the
Hong Kong underworld
is to go back in.

A dying man's last wish. An undercover cop who's running out of time. Jet Li is Kit Yun in *Rise to Honor*, the story of a cop sworn to fulfill his duty, yet bound by a promise to a powerful crime lord. Now Kit must enter a shadowy world where, to preserve his honor, he'll have to risk his life. But as his enemies will soon learn, sometimes the one who is most honorable...is also the most deadly.



Violence

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LIVE IN YOUR WORLD.
PLAY IN OURS.



THE SELF-ABSORBED CAD

You forgot a birthday/anniversary and told her she should have reminded you.

Why it backfired...

Pepper Schwartz: "You're blaming us? There's really no good comeback. Throw yourself on your sword and tell her your behavior was unforgivable."

Alison James: "There's no excuse. Remembering her birthday, your anniversary, and major holidays is as important as 'Never use an electric razor in a bathtub.'"

What to say next time? (pick one)

- a. "Way to ruin the surprise." [deep sigh]
- b. "Put on your coat. We're going to Tiffany's/Barneys/Wal-Mart. Let's go get exactly what you want."
- c. "What am I, your keeper?"

Correct answer A **B** C

It still won't heal her emotional pain if you forgot, but showing you're willing to do penance by actually...ugh...shopping will put you on the road to forgiveness. Plus, new shoes heal all wounds.

Bad line:
"If it can't wait until halftime, someone had better be dead."

THE DEAF MAN WALKING

You zoned out and (oops) nodded your head when she asked, "You're just pretending to listen to me, aren't you?"

Why it backfired...

Deirdre Allen Timmons: "We women already know that your hearing loss is selective. This just reminds us."

Alison James: "Not only are you not listening, but you're not even willing to feign it? That's low. Pay attention now or the rest of the game will be ruined by the argument that will follow."

What to say next time? (pick one)

- a. "If you ever? One time? Said something interesting? I might actually listen."
- b. "If it can't wait until halftime, someone had better be dead."
- c. "I definitely spaced... because I just figured out the perfect birthday gift for you!"

Correct answer A **B** C

She'll be curious—and derailed because even though you weren't listening to her, you were thinking of her. Sucka!

THE LIMP LINGUINI

You couldn't get it up—new Victoria's Secret panties notwithstanding—and swore "this has never happened before."

Why it backfired...

Linda Stasi: "It's the generic dick excuse. It implies that it's her fault, and she has big fat thighs, cellulite, and small boobs."

Alexander Chaplin: "You might want to blame it on the private 'dinner for one' that you had earlier in the evening."

What to say next time? (pick one)

- a. "Well, I guess this answers your 'Have I gained weight?' question."
- b. "I'm beat—and it has nothing to do with you. You're more gorgeous than ever."
- c. "Maybe if you used your mouth for something more constructive than talking, I wouldn't have this problem."

Correct answer A **B** C

You're having a physical problem, so chalk it up as a physical problem or she'll get paranoid that there's something icky going on emotionally and never stop freaking out. ►

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THE BACKSLIDING BUM

You were seen with the cigarettes/friends/porn she made you promise to give up, then shrugged and said, "I'm not perfect."

Why it backfired...

Pepper Schwartz: "That just sounds like it's no big deal when you go back on your word."

Will Arnett: "A leopard can't change its spots, and women always want to change guys. Men feel like, 'Please, see history!'"

What to say next time? (pick one)

a. "This is harder than I thought it would be to kick. Thank God I've got your support."

b. "You keep nagging, I'll get my coat."

c. "Oh, I forgot: You've never screwed up."

Correct answer **A B C**

She'll see you as vulnerable, which brings out the best in women. The fact that you're trying to meet her expectations is what counts.

THE JEALOUS JERK

You acted like a possessive asshole in public, then claimed you were just being protective.

Why it backfired...

Alison James: "Denial is a ticket to hell. Even if you don't think you were jealous, she does. And now she sees you as a seventh grader."

Will Arnett: "Women want to feel loved, but not like a piece of property."

What to say next time? (pick one)

a. "You know, baby, I love you so much, it's hard not to be insecure sometimes."

b. "At least I kept you from making a total whore of yourself with our waiter."

c. "If you think I'm threatened by that fat loser, go ahead and hook up."

Correct answer **A B C**

Aww. What's she gonna say to that? **M**



The Honorable
Pippi
Lawstocking

"THE DOG ATE MY DEFENSE ATTORNEY!"

These nutso excuses were really introduced in court. Guess which ones worked?

KEANU

A San Francisco movie fan killed and dismembered his landlady. He claimed he did it because he didn't want to be sucked into the Matrix.

Did it work? Yes. Believing the dude was cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs, a judge accepted his insanity plea.

BEING NICE

A woman paid two guys to, in their words, duct-tape her sister at gunpoint and get her wallet. She said she needed the guys' help because she felt uncomfortable asking for the stuff back herself.

Did it work? No. Sibling rivalry? Try conspiracy to kill. To stir for 26 years.

COOTIES

A karate instructor was charged with sexually abusing teen girls. Witnesses swore he was gay and not attracted enough to women to molest them.

Did it work? Yes. Not guilty on half his charges; a mistrial on the rest. Super fabulous!

REVERENCE

The cops found a burglar and a rotting body inside a house. The robber said he'd heard gossip about the dead body and came to pay the corpse its due respects.

Did it work? Yes. Not guilty of burglary or murder—just trespassing.

NECROPHILIA

After mowing down a 40-year-old, a teen explained he wanted to kill her so he could have sex with her corpse. Crazy kids!

Did it work? Maybe. The trial hadn't begun at press time, but we predict his next crash is in the clink. —Amy Keyishian



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★
**IN
YER
FACE!**
★

This month make sure the joke's not on you stylewise with Maxim's stand-up guide to looking cool even when you're clowning around.

FASHION



LAUGHTER HOURS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN STYLING BY MARIA RUOCCO

KNOCK, KNOCK!

Who's there? Spring, dude, so start dressing like you know it!



HO-HOLY SPIRIT

A man goes to see his rabbi with something terrible on his mind.

"What's wrong?" the rabbi wants to know.

"I think my wife is poisoning me," the man says.

"How can that be?" the rabbi wonders. "Let me talk to your wife, and I'll see what I can find out."

The next day the rabbi calls the man and says, "Well, I spoke to your wife on the phone yesterday for over three hours. You want my advice?"

"Yes," the man answers anxiously.

"Take the poison."

Studded vest,
\$460, by
Moschino Uomo;
Our Lady T-shirt,
\$24, and hat, \$26,
both by Hurley;
501 jeans, \$58, by
Levi's; sneakers,
\$60, by Simple;
sterling cross
with sapphires,
\$1,850, and
sterling black
diamond Seven
bracelet, \$4,600,
both by Good
Art Hlywd.

BREW HA-HA

Q: Why did God create blondes?
A: Because sheep can't bring beer from the fridge.
Q: Why did God create brunettes?
A: Neither can the blondes.





FRANCOPROBE

Three doctors are at lunch when one doctor brings up the easiest surgery he's ever done.

"Ya know, I just did an operation on an accountant, and, man, was it easy! I opened him up, and everything was in numerical order, completely in balance."

"Oh, I can top that," says the second doctor.

"Electricians are the best to operate on. Everything is color-coded."

The third doctor laughs and says, "I have both of you beat. The easiest operation is on a Frenchman. There are no guts, no spine, no balls... and if you ever get confused, the head and the ass are interchangeable."

(far left)

T-shirt, \$215, by Moschino Uomo; bootcut jeans, \$50, by Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren; sneakers, \$60, by Simple; V link bracelet, \$320, and Sculpted ring, \$145, both by Versani; trilby hat, \$540, by Rod Keenan.

Jacket, \$950, by Burberry Prorsum; T-shirt, \$17, by tshirtheil.com; jeans, \$169, by Jean Paul De'mage; belt, \$185, by Dsquared²; church link chain, \$3,900, by Good Art Hlywd.

SHORT CUT

A midget is riding a bus when a blonde steps on him. "Hey, you, brunette, watch where you're going," yells the midget. The blonde looks down and says, "I am not a brunette, I am a blonde." The midget replies, "Not from where I'm standing."

Jacket, \$880, by Moschino Uomo; Family Guy T-shirt, \$20, by Changes; hipster jeans, \$78, by Guess?; belt, \$130, by Dsquared²; Kodo sneakers, \$65, by Royal Elastics.

(far right) Jacket, \$595, by D&G; cock T-shirt, \$20, by G*mart; dimensional western metro jeans, \$70, by Nautica Jeans Company; airplane buckle belt, \$130, by DieselStyleLab.





PECKING ORDER

Q: What is chicken teriyaki?

A: The name of the oldest living kamikaze pilot.

IN THE TRENCHES

Win the war on weather in one of these combat-tested coats.



BACKSTORY: These hardy coats came army approved. In 1901 Thomas Burberry (yep, the same guy who brought you the classic check) submitted this now-traditional trench coat design to the U.K. War Office. By World War II it was an essential piece of outerwear for U.S. forces. Sixty years later, you should get your hands on one, even if the only battles you're fighting are on your daily commute.



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Ralph Lauren



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coat, \$695,
by John Varvatos



Hidden-button
coat, \$825,
by Z Zegna



Suede coat,
\$895, by
Boss Hugo Boss



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coat, \$2,510, by
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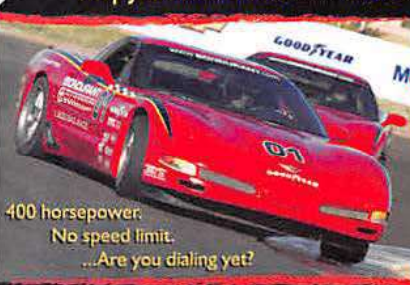
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04.04

This month we give you an excuse to update your look with a cool vintage-style watch, some easy-to-use shaving goods, a fancy new travel bag, and a white-hot suit. As if you needed encouragement.

TOTE-AL PACKAGE: Invest \$1,400 in this sexy new leather-lined nylon bag or \$445 in sneakers from Tod's at Tod's stores.

THIS MONTH'S LABEL: EDDIE RODRIGUEZ

Not only has Eddie Rodriguez emerged as spring's hip designer (see pic below), but he's also opening his own stores in places like Las Vegas, Boca Raton, San Diego, Los Angeles, Miami, and San Francisco.

**FAST PANTS:**

Pack 'em in with new undies from 2(x)ist, from \$19.50 at Bloomingdale's.

**HAIR-RAISING:**

Dep's new wax and pomade will keep your hair together, under \$4 at drugstores.



SHADY DEALINGS: Native Eyewear's superlight Silencer glasses have changeable colored lenses. Frame yourself for \$120 by calling 888-77-NATIVE, or visit nativeeyewear.com.

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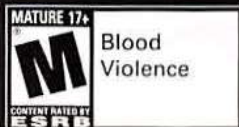
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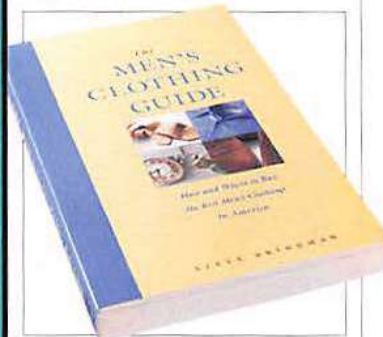
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CHERESKIN LEADER: Check out
designer Ron Chereskin's new
hipster line, Studio Chereskin,
at department stores like Macy's
East and Macy's West.

**WHITE HEAT:** White is, er, the new black when it comes to summer suits.

A white suit lets you pair the pants with a dress shirt or the jacket with jeans and a cool T-shirt. But remember to hold the marinara sauce.



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NCCRA was co-founded by Katie Couric, Lilly Tartikoff
and the Entertainment Industry Foundation.

Joie

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Matrix Executive Desk Collection

This high-tech desk is finished in a industrial-strength steel frame with a powder-coated finish and reinforced plates on all welding joints for maximum strength and durability. Frosted tempered glass provides safety and a non-scratch, non-stain surface. There's also a pullout keyboard tray, CPU stand, bookcase, and mobile file cart, which accommodates letter or legal-size hanging files.

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Hiroki says: "Feet cold. Sex boing-boing not happened. But humiliate like bukkake is this for me. Secret."
Pain-o-meter: ★★★★★

WHO'S MY DADDY?

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Hiroki's spinning two tails

2 THE CATHERINE WHEEL!

Construction: Sturdy American-grown lumber, stout leather, silk rope, and assorted rusty metal fasteners.

1,001 dastardly uses: While most wheels are deployed in the humdrum task of locomotion, the Catherine wheel is something else entirely: It remains stationary on a pedestal and spins.

History lesson: Named for St. Catherine of Alexandria, who was believed to have been martyred in this fashion in the fourth century, the Catherine wheel was perhaps the most gruesomely violent torture device in all of Europe. You'd never guess, but it was really popular in Germany. In the Krauts' favorite variation, a victim's limbs were broken and braided into the spokes of the wheel, which was then hoisted up on a tall pole. The victim would die a slow, agonizing death from infection, starvation, and thirst.

Nowadays: Spoilsport lawyers kept our sledgehammers off Hiroki's birdlike limbs, so this modified version simply spins around and around to disorient the victim. Time to play Squeal of Fortune.

Hiroki says: "Uhuuuuuuuuuuuuu—blood is going down to my brain. No shout. No voice. This is the torture of no thinking problem. Aardvark."

★★★★★

TORTURE TEST SPECIAL



A growth industry

3 THE RACK!

Construction: Furniture-grade oakwood, rubber padding, novelty handcuffs.

1,001 dastardly uses: Fastened to the central plank by the wrists and ankles, the victim is slowly stretched until all his joints are gradually torn apart. Most people just wear lifts nowadays.

History lesson: In Jacobean England, dissidents and suspected spies were "put to the question," or interrogated, on the rack and ended up crippled for life...and suspicious of government.

Nowadays: We told Hiroki he could be the next Yao Ming, but he wasn't having any.

Hiroki says: "Atatatatatata... long arms monkey. Banzai! Cracking arm bone!"

Pain-o-meter: ★★★★★



"Ouch, Mom! That's too hard."

4 THE WHIP!

Construction: Leather. It's what's for dinner.

1,001 dastardly uses: When used as directed, this motherfucker hurts!

History lesson: You can't argue with a classic: Everybody from Jesus Christ to Kunta Kinte has felt the sting of the lash. Caning is big in the Far East and was until recently in homoerotic English boarding schools. But for us it's a good whipping.

Nowadays: You can flog somebody with anything from a bullwhip to a wet noodle. Hiroki opted for the Den's top-of-the-line soft leather flogger, so as not to mar his tender flesh. Pussy.

Hiroki says: "Harder, faster, softer, slower, make more earthworm road!"

Pain-o-meter: ★★★★★



Want some juice?

5 THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

Construction: Wood, metal, elfin magic.

1,001 dastardly uses: Please be seated.

History lesson: Shortly after Thomas Edison invented the light bulb in 1879, some of his associates helped cook up this human fryer, billed as the successor to the gallows. Eleven years later, New Yorker William Kemmler became the first person to take the hot seat, for murdering his mistress. Since 1976, 151 others have become well-done chili dogs.

Nowadays: This chair carries only a mild shock, but it was enough to give Hiroki a chubby.

Hiroki says: "Vivivivivivivi. Don't joke me, but intense junior action! But I hate the gimp ball. Someone used before. This secondhand! Mmph!"

Pain-o-meter: ★★★★★

RATINGS:

LIFE SUPPORT

★★★★★

TRACTION

★★★★★

CAST

★★★★★

BAND-AID

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A KISS FROM MOM

★★★★★

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Michael S., Los Angeles, CA



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EASY CHEESE \$3.50, AUGUST 1965

Cheese can be so difficult. But not anymore! Kraft Foods, already on a roll with its award-winning Velveeta line, squirts one out of the park with this new cheese delivery implement. The principle is elegant in its simplicity: Bend the machine-tooled nozzle toward the cracker of your choice and *vive le fromage*. Can squeeze ham be far away? (kraft.com)



GRAB BAG

They're classics now, but they sure seemed newfangled when we first featured 'em!

BY CRAVEN MOOREHEAD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHINICHI MARUYAMA



UMBRELLA \$10, APRIL 1852

That Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards is always "Singin' in the Rain" on your Victrola. And you will be, too, if you've got one of these thingamabobs! The water-resistant cloth cover contains an elaborate network of mechanical arms, which unfold quickly and easily to create a canopy suitable for one or two people to huddle under in a rainstorm. Hello, Nobel Prize committee? (umbrella.com)



BIKE 5s 6d, JULY 1901

Oh, those madcap dandies! What will they think of next? From the same wags who brought you monocles and snuff boxes comes this jolly contrivance, the penny farthing. Sit astride the saddle, place your feet on the stirrupy thingies, and roll at a brisk pace! Mind your petticoats, ah, sir! (fatchicksinpartyhats.com)



ATARI 2600 \$249, JUNE 1977

Combining a groovy eight-bit processor with an astonishing 128 bytes of RAM, this state-of-the-art video game device will revolutionize the way you play. Invented by those clever and nimble-fingered Californians, the Atari renders up to 16 colors and delivers two channels of audio! Take that, Monopoly! (videogamedeals.com)



PENICILLIN FREE, DECEMBER 1928

What's aillin' ya, sailor? Oi' Singapore Susie leave you with the parting gift that keeps on giving? It burns when you piddle, and you've got open, weeping lesions on your whatsit? Fret no more! Those eggheads in the lab have cooked up this goop called penicillin, and it'll clean out the old pipes but quick! (penicillin.com)



DISPOSABLE LIGHTER \$2, MAY 1973

Is it bad luck to light three smokes off one of these? That's the trouble with the breakneck pace of progress: Folklore hasn't had time to catch up with the latest gimcracks and gewgaws. Take this, for example. It's as steady and dependable as the Zippo that Dad brought home from the war, and yet it's disposable like a book of matches! What is this thing, fish or fowl? Who can really say? All we know is, we're smoking a hell of a lot more thanks to it! (bicworld.com)



THERMOS \$9, OCTOBER 1904

It keeps things hot! It keeps things cold! How does it know? If this were 17th-century Salem, Massachusetts, we'd denounce the inventors of this doohickey for witchcraft. But it ain't, so we won't. The Thermos gang tried to explain it all to us, something about the insulating power of a vacuum bottle blah-blah-blah. All we know is our chowder was still piping hot and as yummy as the moment Mom spooned it in! (thermos.com)



♥ ramp/wedge



♥ wedge

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"I met God, and he's Buddy Hackett."

BUYING GUIDE

FASHION OPENER

Page 143: Suit, \$795, and shirt, \$155, both by Arnold Brant; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hubert White, Minneapolis; Marica, Seattle; or call 800-263-7848; or visit arnoldbrant.com. Tie, \$110, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; at Robert Talbott stores; Saks Fifth Avenue; Khakis of Carmel, Carmel, CA; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbott.com.

KNOCK, KNOCK

Page 144-145: Vest, \$460, by Moschino Uomo; at Traffic, L.A. T-shirt, \$24, and hat, \$26, both by Hurley; visit hurley.com. Jeans, \$58, by Levi's; visit levi.com. Sneakers, \$60, by Simple; call 800-982-2432; or visit simple.com. Cross, \$1,850, and bracelet, \$4,600, both by Good Art Hwyd; at Barney's New York.

Page 146: T-shirt, \$215, by Moschino Uomo; at Macy's West, San Francisco, and La Maison Simons, Montreal. Jeans, \$50, by Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren; at Macy's; and Bloomingdale's. Sneakers, \$60, by Simple; call 800-982-2432; or visit simple.com. Bracelet, \$320, and ring, \$145, both by Versani; at Versani stores; or

call 877-VERSANI; or visit versani.com. Hat, \$540, by Rod Keenan; visit rodkeenannewyork.com.

Page 147: Jacket, \$950, by Burberry Prorsum; at select Burberry stores. T-shirt, \$17, by Thirteenth; visit thirteenth.com. Jeans, \$169, by Jean Paul Damage; at Atrium; Fred Segal, Blue Genes, Atlanta; or visit jpdamage.com. Belt, \$185, by Disquered; at Jeffrey, N.Y.C. Chain, \$3,900, by Good Art Hwyd; at Barney's New York.

Page 148: Jacket, \$880, by Moschino Uomo; at Traffic, L.A. T-shirt, \$20, by Changes; at Hot Topic stores. Jeans, \$78, by Guess; at Guess stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Belt, \$130, by Disquered; at H. Lorenzo, L.A. Sneakers, \$65, by Royal Elastics; visit royalelastics.com.

Page 149: Jacket, \$595, by D&G; at D&G stores. T-shirt, \$20, by G*Mart; visit gymart.com. Jeans, \$70, by Nautica Jeans Company; at Nautica stores; N.Y.C.; select Filene's stores; select Lord & Taylor stores; or call 877-Nautica; or visit nautica.com. Belt, \$130, by DieselStyleLab; at DieselStyleLab store, N.Y.C.; and Medusa, Jackson Heights, NY.

IN THE TRENCHES

Page 150: (clockwise from left) Trench, \$1,095, by Polo by Ralph Lauren; at select Ralph Lauren stores; or call 888-475-7674. Trench, \$695, by John Varvatos; by special order; call 800-489-0151. Trench, \$2,510, by Burberry Prorsum; at select Burberry stores. Trench, \$1,195, by BOSS Hugo Boss; at Hugo Boss stores, N.Y.C. and L.A. Trench, \$825, by Z Zegna; at Ermenegildo Zegna stores; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna.com.

CUTTIN' IT

Page 152: (clockwise from left) Razor, \$9, by Schick; at drugstores. Shave cream, \$14, by Anthony Logistics; at Barney's New York; Sephora; Nordstrom; or visit anthony.com. Shave Therapy, \$25, by Lab Series; at department stores. Solution, \$28.50, by Zirk; visit zirk.com. Brush, \$10, by His Tweezer; call 888-NIPPERS; or visit tweezer.com. Shaving cream, \$14, by the Art of Shaving; visit theartofshaving.com. Balm, \$6, by Adidas Active Skincare for Men; at drugstores.

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Durica/AP WideWorld Photo **p.112:** Marines (x2), Contrast, AP WideWorld Photo **p.114:** Car bombing, Chris Steele Perkins/Magnum; Marine barracks bombing, Yarn Moran/Sipa; Marines on ship, Gilles Peres/Magnum Photos; helicopter, Poveda/Sipa **p.116:** Grenada hostage, Poveda/Sipa; McKnight, KRI/Newscom.com; Marine in Grenada, AP WideWorld Photo; tattoo, Mark Sands/Tattoo World **p.129:** Rocks, DK Images; Osama, Reuters/Landov **p.132:** Mt. Rushmore, Carl & Ann Purcell/Corbis **p.136:** Dachshund, G.K. and Vikki Hart **p.140:** Judge, Bettmann/Corbis **p.160:** Crack smoking, Patrick Durand/Corbis; Symma **p.168:** Bread on heads, Martin Parr/Magnum Photos; Lisa Ray, Jeanette Rulli/Contour Photos; Pulp Fiction 4, b, and c... Miramax Films/Foto Fantasies; Pulp Fiction 4, Photofest; police officer, Corbis/PictureQuest; Ruffalo, Armando Gallo/Retna; Hannah, Mark Sullivan/WireImage.com; Berry, Albert L. Ortega/WireImage.com; Garcia, Jean-Paul Aussenerd/WireImage.com

CLOTHING CREDITS

Page 31: Shoes by Caesar Paciotti. Silver metallic hot pants and scarf by Barely Mary by Mary Apple. Black vinyl hot pants available at Religious Sex.

Page 89: Tuxedo by Bionini. Tuxedo shirt by Giorgio Armani. Cummerbund and bow tie by Neiman Marcus. Boots by Gucci.

Pages 90-91: Pale peach crochet dress (left undone) by Gharani Strok. Cream briefs from Myla; butterfly brooch from Butler & Wilson.

Page 93: Pale peach crochet dress (left undone) by Gharani Strok. Cream briefs from Myla; butterfly brooch from Butler & Wilson.

Pages 92-94: Pink slip with manbou trim, Pant's own; pink and black bow necklace from Agent Provocateur.

Page 96: Cream bra & briefs with metal and pearl sides from Myla.

Pages 134-135: Bra and panties by Laura Urbiniti.

Page 136: Bra available at Pleasure Chest. Skirt by Maggie Barry.

Pages 138-140: Bra and panties by Laura Urbiniti. Boots by Caesar Paciotti, available at H&M.

Pages 118-119: Bra and panties by Chantal Thomass, at La Petite Coquette-Le Corset. Christian Louboutin lace pumps at Jeffrey, N.Y.C.

Page 120: Bra and panties by La Perla, at La Petite Coquette. Waist cincher by Khurana, at Le Corset. Shoes by Manolo Blahnik, at Jeffrey, N.Y.C.

Page 122: Lace-up boyshort by Mary Green, at BodyHints, N.Y.C.

Pages 124-126: Corset at Barney's New York. Panties by Millesia. Wolford stockings at La Petite Coquette. Claudio Merazi pumps at Petit Peton.



Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot

Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

the inside story on

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his



satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,

Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with

Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland
Jamie Ireland



- 1** What do you suppose these English chaps are up to?
- a. ☐ Attempting performance art
 - b. ☐ Looking for chicks drenched in onion soup
 - c. ☐ Supporting the local soccer team, the Bolton Breadsticks



- 2** What was Lisa Ray most likely thinking when this pic was snapped?
- a. ☐ Aren't they spectacular!
 - b. ☐ Robert Blake, what an actor!
 - c. ☐ Calm down, you don't need water wings.

ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

Find out right now! Answers can be found at maximonline.com, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

- 3** Kindly put the following *Pulp Fiction* scenes in chronological order.



- 4.** Which famed U.S. residence welcomes the most visitors annually?

- a. ☐ Graceland
- b. ☐ The White House
- c. ☐ The Neverland Ranch

- 5.** What's the best way to cure a hangover?

- a. ☐ Pop aspirin and drink lots of water
- b. ☐ Listen to bagpipe music

- 6.** How many slices of pizza does the average American eat each year?

- a. ☐ 46
- b. ☐ 78
- c. ☐ 121



- 7.** What does that word *maidenhead* refer to again?

- a. The naked lady statue that goes on the front of a boat
- b. A housekeep during the less-than-enlightened Renaissance
- c. What Grandma does to Grandpa
- d. A girl's cherry



- 8.** Why do 62 percent of Americans say it's OK to talk on the cell phone in the john?

- a. No one has a shred of decency left.
- b. Ain't nothing wrong with it.
- c. 'Cause it can get mighty lonely on the bowl.
- d. Sixty-two percent of Americans are ass wipes.

- 9.** Which of these states awesomely lets you drive 75 miles per hour?

- a. ☐ Indi-"home of the Indy 500"-ana
- b. ☐ Kan-"nothing to run into here"-sas
- c. ☐ Color-"colorful with blood"-ado
- d. ☐ Puerto-"we're not exactly a state"-Rico



"Ha, the Krispy Kreme truck, right on time."

- 10** Match each freak, er, celebrity to his/her rumored handicap.



- 1. Mark Ruffalo ☐ a. Born with a conjoined twin on shoulder
- 2. Daryl Hannah ☐ b. Missing part of a finger
- 3. Halle Berry ☐ c. Partially paralyzed from brain surgery
- 4. Andy Garcia ☐ d. Partially deaf in one ear

- 11.** Which NFL team sold the most swag in 2003?

- a. ☐ Denver Broncos
- b. ☐ Green Bay Packers
- c. ☐ Oakland Raiders

- 12.** How do women most often use the word so?

- a. ☐ "Like, rabbits are so cute."
- b. ☐ "I hate that bitch so much."
- c. ☐ "I'm so-o-o wet, darn leaky umbrella!"



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Last month's answers: 1. a 2. a 3. a-fuckin', b-whore, c-ass 4. a 5. c 6. b 7. b 8. b 9. b 10. 1-b, 2-d, 3-a, 4-c 11. c 12. e

"THERE ARE TIMES
WHEN THE PERFECT
PINCH IS A POUCH."

TY MURRAY,
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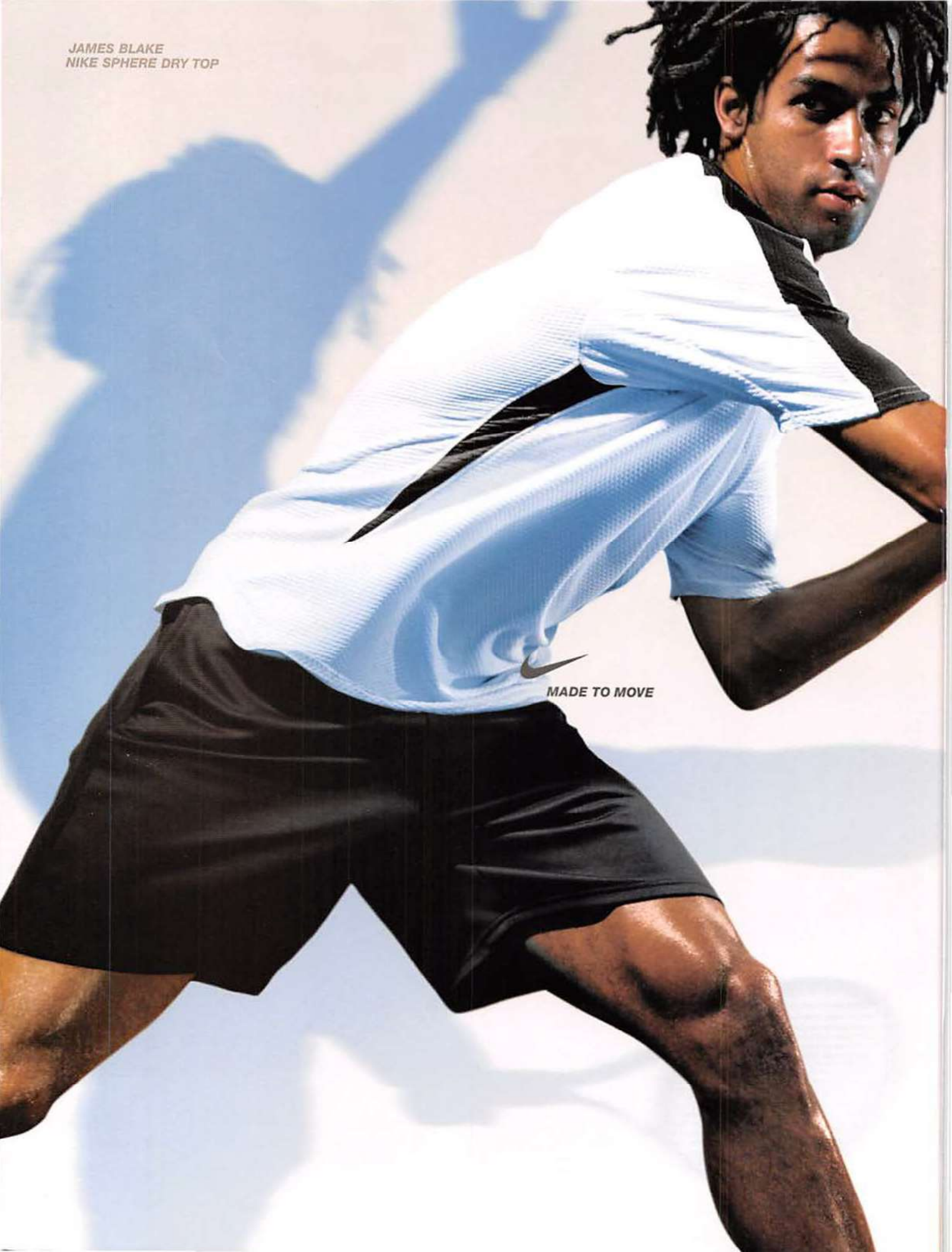
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